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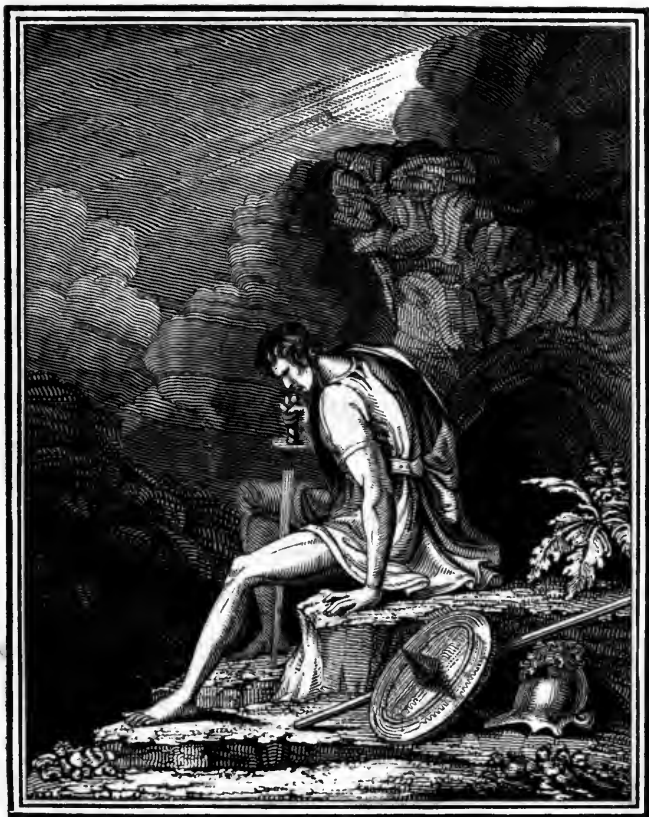
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POEMS.

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Proscribed and doomed the death of shame,
And branded with a traitor's name,
He flies the social halls of men,
For haunted cave or trackless glen.

Wallace, l. 209.

POEMS.

BY

JOHN LEE LEWES.

"Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

HOR.

LIVERPOOL,

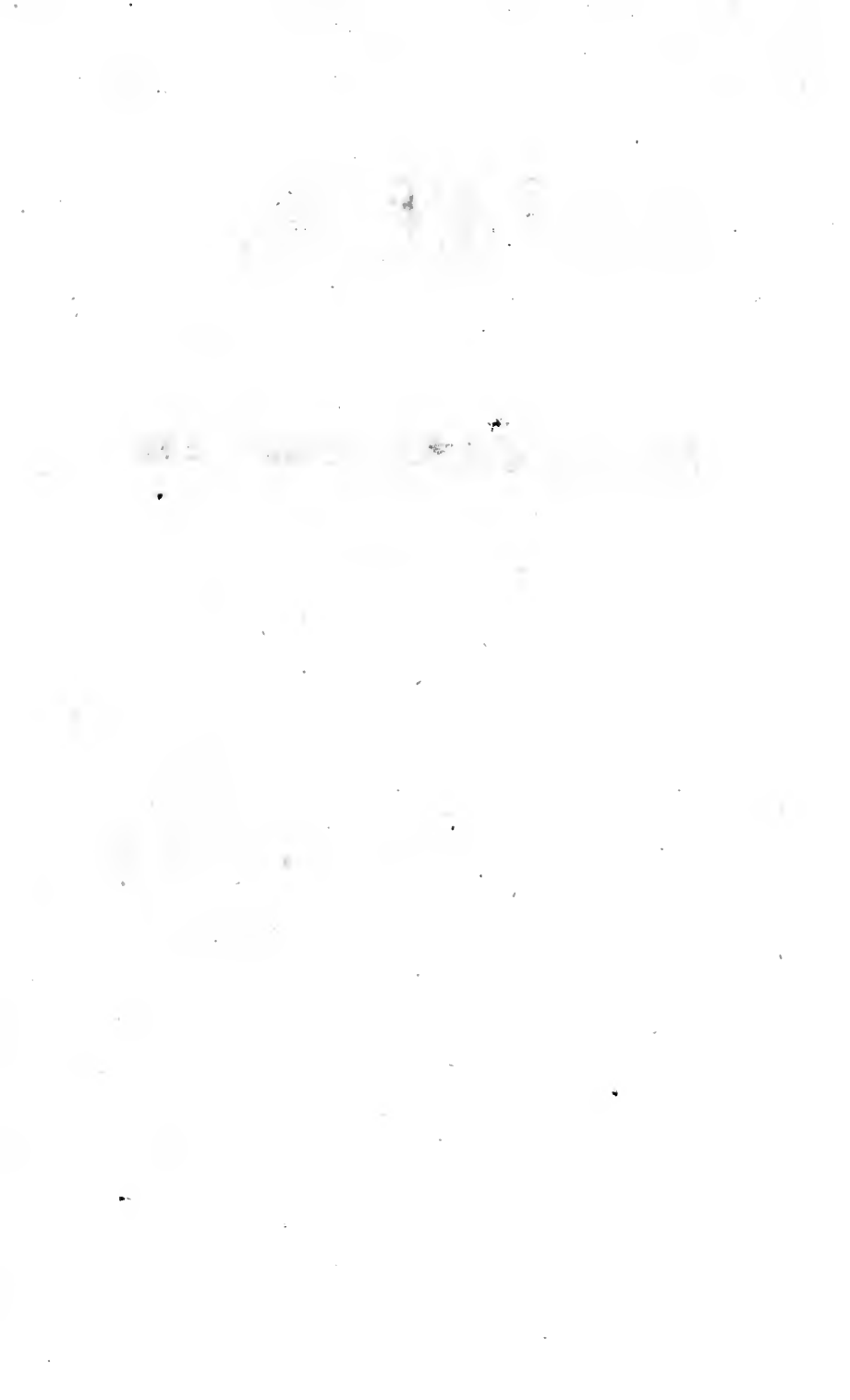
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1811.



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TO 1811.

William Wallace Currie, Esq.

OF

LIVERPOOL.

IN dedicating to you the following **POEMS**, it is difficult to separate the name of your lamented father, **Dr. CURRIE**, from any observations that respect and gratitude may excite. — It is superfluous to delineate those genuine qualities, which dis-

tinguished that great man : they have been communicated to the Public by Authors of the first respectability.—I have no wish to rival testimonies, I can have no hopes to excel. When he was exerting his attention, to bring the celebrated Poems of BURNS into estimation, I did not feel greater respect for his understanding, than when I observed him silently exercising the virtues of pity and generosity, in relieving poverty and promoting merit, which the world could never know.

To be his representative, calls forth an idea of the highest exultation ; and, joining in the concurring testimony of the Public, it

is not too much to anticipate, that you may
emulate those talents and virtues which have
immortalized the name of CURRIE,

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Permit me to subscribe myself,

Your most obliged servant,

John Lee Lewes.

BROWNLOW-HILL, LIVERPOOL,

October, 1811.



Preface.

IF the following pages fail to obtain the approbation of the Public, the censure they will encounter from the pen of criticism, will supersede any apology on my part; where dulness preponderates over genius, excuse is superfluous. I will not encourage any sanguine hopes of success; the productions of the intellect commonly receive too much parental indulgence. Passion is calculated to make them agreeable; and the understanding is seduced by its partiality, to the fanciful conclusion that they possess every trait of genuine merit.

It may be unnecessary to state, that these Poems were produced under the particular restraints of a desponding mind. My Friends may possibly accept this apology in extenuation of many apparent miscarriages; but beyond

the bounds of their favour it cannot avail. If, in designing to please, offence is given, the effect, and not the cause, occasions indignation, and produces punishment. Thus, then, my account with the Public will stand: if my efforts be deemed amusing, they will be applauded; if uninteresting, they will be censured. But if censure only, and not neglect, be the result of my labours, the disapprobation awaiting my poetical transgressions may be attended with some consolation: censure would be forgiven, (for every work that may be considered worthy of investigation, is presumed to possess some merit,) and would necessarily rouse to amendment; but neglect seeks shelter from contempt in the silence of oblivion.

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Introduction.

THE mind of feeling, like the Eolian lyre,
Varies its tone with every breeze that blows.
Touched by the soft and soothing sighs of love,
The heart accordant feels the tender flame,
And all its pulses are attuned to bliss.
Then come the pleasing thoughts of purling streams,
Elysian groves, and nature's mingled charms,
Diffusive beaming o'er the soul of man
Their magic influence of supreme delight.
Despair succeeds; sad disappointment's pang,
The hollow eye, the rose-forsaken cheek,
Show mournful signs of all-subduing care,
Rending the grief-worn breast;—the gathering storm

Gushes in torrents from the crimsoned eye,
While phrenzy's power invades the feverish brain,
Confusion raves and madness rules the soul.
Defeated hope awhile surveys the scene,
And lurking near forsaken reason's throne,
Lends her weak aid to soothe the ruined mind.
Time's friendly hand distraction's pang abates,
And leagued with hope, solicits judgment's aid,
To quell the storm that passion had inspired.
But He alone, who framed this throne of tears,
Its pristine, beauteous structure can restore;
Can make it still, with power of thought sublime,
Respond to rapturous, to extatic airs,
And breathe the sacred melody of heaven.

Halton Hill.



Halton Hill.

COME, Contemplation, sweet, celestial maid,
Sequestered goddess of the sylvan shade,
Inspire my mind! as from these mouldering towers,
Thoughtful it ranges o'er thy halcyon bowers,
Aid me, oh Nymph divine! while clear and true,
My Muse essays to paint this heavenly view.

What various shades within the landscape lie!
What glowing beauties meet my wandering eye!
Here, as upraised on this commanding mound,
I mark each feature of the chequered ground,

While by these walls I ruminating stand,
The prospect beams a second fairy-land ;
Warm on my raptured sight the scenery glows ;
No busy sounds disturb its calm repose ;
Sighs of soft Peace are borne on every gale,
And Love's bland accents murmur o'er the vale ;
Arcadian zephyrs float in every breeze,
Play o'er the plain and whisper through the trees ;
Her airy flight morn's tuneful herald wings ;
Her tribute lay at heaven's high portal sings ;
On buoyant pinion borne, ascends the sky,
And pours her strain of hallowed harmony.

Pleased let me dwell on yonder cultured fields ;
Treasure the bliss each rural object yields ;
And while on Nature's works I bend mine eye,
Through all her changes trace the Deity.

Oh, Power Supreme! enthroned on space sublime,
Perfection sounds thy praise from clime to clime ;

Man's erring mind, by fancy's lawless rules,
 Seeks thee in phantoms raised in sceptic schools;
 Bewildered, lost, poor, weak, misguided man,
 In fiction's mazes dares thy works to scan;
 Nor turns to heaven, where yonder globe of light,
 Sheds blazing wonders on his purblind sight;
 Or where the full-orbed moon illumines the sky,
 Gliding along in silent majesty.

Why, why should doubt a habitation find
 In the frail province of the human mind,
 When e'en the smallest atom that we see,
 Leaves not a doubt of heaven's supremacy.
 On cloud-wrapt hills, or on the moss brown plain,
 The thinking mind can never muse in vain;
 At thy dread voice, great God, all nature rang;
 Thou spake, and light from gloomy chaos sprang;
 Raised by thy voice, harmonious order came,
 Yon azure vault had birth,—this earth a name;
 Confusion, wondering, saw where worlds began,
 And earth a tyrant found in monarch man;

For me, while faith's bright precepts cheer my heart,
 Still will I bear an humble votary's part;
 Nor, while these scenic wonders I survey,
 Shall my fond thoughts in shadows melt away.

Ah, where, fond Fancy, shall thy vision rest?
 On yon sweet hamlet, or on nature's breast?
 The bright, unbounded prospect leaves the soul
 No rest, but hurrying wafts it o'er the whole;
 While distance lends perspective beauty's power,
 (Taste's soft enchantment in the musing hour;)
 Forms, to the eye, the ridgy mountain-side,
 Smooth as the sea unruffled by the tide;
 And Fancy, riding on the viewless air,
 Lends her bright aid to make its charms more fair.

Vain, vain are all the weak attempts of art,
 To reach the tints that nature's scenes impart;
 Not CLAUDE's rich draughts, though true to nature, give
 A portrait fit with nature's fame to live,

'Tis thine, great PRINCE! the various arts to scan;
 To trace the rules that guide the taste of man;
 To mark the beauteous bosom's glowing swell,
 And limbs where exquisite proportion dwell;
 Where RAPHAEL's figures charm th' admiring eye,
 And GUIDO's groups in mild expression lie;
 Or REYNOLDS' art, to nature ever true,
 Yield those firm laws that are admired by you.

Winged on the breeze, a gentle zephyr blows,
 And woos my soul to Norton's sweet repose;
 Norton, allied to Halton's towering hill,
 Where genuine charms invite the painter's skill;
 Where smooth canals and winding waters rove,
 By art imprisoned in the sun-brown grove;
 Where, wildly ranged, the forest tenants rise,
 Their branches stretching to the admiring skies;
 Where giant oaks their potent arms extend,
 A shade while living, and when dead, a friend.

Monarch of trees! thy fame shall never die,
Thou seaman's hope in dark adversity!
Old ocean's honours circled round thy head,
Sprang from the deck where god-like Nelson bled,
When, amid loud, triumphant shouts of war,
He fell, by Conquest crowned, at Trafalgar.
Gloriously fell; for, while his life-tide flowed,
With patriot zeal his manly bosom glowed;
Still his great soul sustained a Briton's part,
Till life's cold ebbing current left his heart;
Nor closed his anxious eyes, 'till France, undone,
Struck her pale ensign to the British sun.
Britannia! pause amid thy bright career;
O'er Nelson's relics shed thy mournful tear;
The wise, the brave, the good must yield their breath;
Oft censured here, but canonized by death;
Rest, sacred shade! may, in unfading bloom,
Thy laurels shed ambrosia o'er thy tomb!
A grateful country hath embalmed thy name,
And Britain blends her glory with thy fame;

Whether in marble busts or hearts of fire,
 Thy name shall live 'till time itself expire.

From Norton's woods, to where yon waters glide,
 I turn where Mersey lifts its billowy tide ;
 Where freshening streams the fervid meadows lave,
 And sun-beams dance upon the brightened wave ;
 Where glancing rays from Sol's meridian glide,
 Illume each bank and light each hedge-row side.
 See, where yon hills in vapoury figures lie,
 Bounding the landscape with a dubious dye ;
 Those hills, which, envying Halton's stately height,
 Screen Mersey's sea-mart from the straining sight ;
 That mart, where Commerce now dejected lies,
 Her spirit sunk, and lost her energies.
 Fell fiend of Anarchy ! thou demon dire,
 That pour'st on trade the vials of thine ire ;
 Thou that with Vandal rage, and Goth-like spite,
 'Gainst commerce wield'st the sceptre of thy might,

Know, tyrant, know, though slaves obey thy will,
 Freedom's avenging spirit haunts thee still;
 Proud usurpation's checkless spell, no more,
 Snake-like, is woven round thy tri-color;
 The charm's dissolved; Barossa's bloody field,
 Proves the vain impress of thy towering shield;
 Massena's flight, and Soult's diminished name,
 Are but the tokens of thy fleeting fame;
 Know, thou poor bubble of tyrannic state,
 Child of an hour, dependent slave of fate!
 The British flag on freedom's rock shall wave,
 When all thy power lies mouldering in the grave.

My native Town! ah, still in hope I see
 Thy growing wealth, thy bright prosperity;
 Though now a dark and inauspicious cloud,
 Conjured by despot wrath, thy glories shroud,
 Yet, phoenix-like, uninjured thou shalt rise,
 Thy fame unhurt by Gallic destinies.

Ah, let me, now, ere from my home I part,
 Indulge the fervid feelings of my heart;
 And, while its genial impulse I obey,
 To merit pour my tributary lay.
 'Twas there, that Roscoe's warm and powerful mind,
 First woo'd fair science, to illumine mankind;
 His radiant page, with glowing beauties fraught,
 Beams forth the rays of penetrating thought;
 A sweet, impressive, animating grace,
 In the bright features of his Muse, we trace,
 And long as learning's sacred light's displayed,
 Oblivion's shroud shall ne'er his fame o'ershade.
 There, first, Applause, with honours came to greet
 The powerful mind of generous STANISTREET;
 Like Mersey's current, gliding smooth and clear;
 His stream of knowledge flows upon the ear;
 But roused by wrongs, and firm in worth's defence,
 Rapid it rolls in floods of eloquence.
 There, o'er the hallowed shrine of CURRIE, mourns,
 The seraph shade of Caledonian BURNS;

A wreath of bay, bedewed with Memory's tear,
 The weeping Muses bring to deck his bier;
 Silent and sad they raise the sorrowing eye,
 Suffused with grief and dimmed with sympathy.
 Lamented son of Scotia's honoured land!
 Cold lies thy heart, and lifeless is thy hand;
 That heart in which worth's pulse beat pure and free,
 That hand ne'er pledged but to integrity.
 'Twas there, that RUSHTON caught the inspiring art,
 To charm, instruct, and humanize the heart:
 There, thoughtful MERRITT, skilled in classic lore,
 First on the wing of science strove to soar;
 Nor strove in vain; for while her throne shall stand,
 His high endowments will respect command;
 And oh, 'twas there, where, luminous and strong,
 SHEPHERD's full tide of learning flowed along.

Sweet, silent Spirit, hover o'er me still!

My wrapt soul, yet, with all thy vigour fill!

'Mid these decaying domes, the Muse may find
Fit contemplation for her heavenly mind ;
These tottering turrets, this impending wall,
Crumbling to dust at time's commanding call,
Ah ! poor memento of their ancient state,
When feudal grandeur on these bulwarks sat,
Where valour stood, and with indignant brow,
Frowned proud defiance on the foes below ;
'Till Cromwell came, and with barbaric power,
Subdued their strength, and battered down each tower.
As when a fiery storm, tempestuous reigns,
Sweeping rich harvests from the cultured plains,
Some demon's form directs the lightning's power,
Blasts the bold oak and strikes the stubborn tower ;
So, o'er these fields, this ruthless robber ran,
Death marked his rear, destruction ruled his van ;
Where'er he moved, were heard affliction's cries,
Fear's loud lamentings and despair's deep sighs.
Here, in the dungeon cell, 'mid grief and gloom,
The woe-worn captive found a welcome tomb ;

By hope deserted, hope,—misfortune's friend,
 Sad was his life, unhappy was his end;
 —Such havoc raged, when Cromwell's rebel might,
 Upheld by force the rebel's claim to right;
 When Cromwell's crew, their hearts by fury steeled,
 Dragged war's red car o'er Albion's fertile field.

Angel of Peace! renew thy halcyon reign!
 Thy fostering wings extend o'er Albion's plain
 Blest, guardian spirit, let thy heavenly smile
 Beam through war's darkening cloud on Britain's isle!
 Dread, dread rebellion, seek some other clime,
 Where man's mad passions heap up crime on crime;
 No more let rebels rule our happy land,
 Nor mar the arts Britannia's genius planned;
 But Britain's sons their lenient laws obey,
 Firm to their King, their warm allegiance pay.

Now from the west the freshening breezes blow,
 Fan the warm cheek and raise the bosom's glow;

Cool breathing winds the fervid heats allay,
And thought, suspended, gives the senses play;
Abode of bliss,—sweet, silent shades, adieu!
Still o'er this scene may peace her flowerets strew!
Yet, on thy charms, romantic Halton, yet,
My wrapt soul lingers with a fond regret;
Here still might Fancy wing her airy flight,
And court bright visions of supreme delight;
Through ether's realms up yonder sun-beam ride,
Her car a feather, and a sylph her guide.



Miscellaneous Pieces.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

Lines addressed to _____

DROOP not, my love! though adverse fortune blow

Unkindly gales about my aching head ;

Within my heart, shines an all-brightening glow,

For there the beam of thy affection's shed.

And that can fertilize the dreariest scene;

Can make the barren thorn a blossom bear;

The gayest laugh that decks Mirth's thoughtless mien,

Oh, 'tis not worth, my love, thy saddest tear.

And though, perhaps, the proud world's smile, so cold,
 So heartless, always, now may colder grow;
 Yet, from the soul of sympathetic mould,
 Our griefs will only bid more fondness flow.

Feeling's kind voice, my love, may yet be heard;
 Yet may it speak of comfort and of peace;
 Wake happier thoughts, and bid Hope's soothing word
 Tell of sweet days when all our cares shall cease.

Address to Britons.

Written to the measure of the Air,—“*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*”

BRITONS! on whose favoured isle
 Liberty still deigns to smile;
 Whose Fathers, with submission vile,
 Ne'er crouched to tyranny.
 Britons! in whose land we see
 The force and fire of chivalry,
 On, advance to victory,
 And still be free!

Englishmen! by war's alarms,
By glory's soul-inspiring charms,
By the martial clang of arms,—

On, to victory!

By Abercrombie's well-earned fame,
By gallant Moore's illustrious name,
Let not th' insulting foe proclaim

You stooped to slavery.

Arise, Britannia's Sons, arise,
Dangers, toils, and death, despise,
Rend with patriot shouts, the skies,

Unawed by tyranny!

By your wives and daughters' fears,
By your trembling infants' tears,
By your gracious Monarch's years,

On, to victory!

Let surrounding nations see,

Our happy land of liberty

Despises base captivity,

We scorn to flee;

On, Soldiers, on; meet, meet your foes;

The word, each free-born Briton knows;

“The thistle, shamrock, and the rose!”

Unite,—to victory!

SONG.

Our Country an' our King for ever !

WRITTEN

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW, 1809.

To the Air of “*Oure the muir amang the heather.*”

LET Buonapart', wi' tyrant sway,

Gar Gallia's abject sons adore him;

We Britons still may haud our heads

Right scornfully an' hie before him;

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Against the wylie Corsican,—

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Though, like the dread sirocco's blast,

His gaet is marked wi' devastation,

The healsome gales o' libertie

Still bless our leal an' happy nation :

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Amid' the waefu' wreck o' states,

Our Country an' our King for ever!

On valour's rock, the British flag

Fu' floutin'ly is still seen waving;

It streams in Freedom's sacred cause,

War's raging tempest nobly braving.

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our army an' our timmer wa's!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Remembered ay' be Nelson's deeds,

His breast wi' patriot ardour glowing;

Brave Moore's an' Abercrombie's wurth,

Their bluid for Britain's glory flowing.

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our chieftains baith on sea an' lan'!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Be Britons still to Britain true,

Their rights wi' their claymores defending;

Still bravely face the vauntin' foe,

Wi' loyal shouts heaven's concave rending.

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

The thistle, shamrock, an' the rose!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Immortal as our patron saint,

A free-born people's love possessing,

Be George!—wham heaven lang preserve,

And crown wi' everlastin' blessing.

Our Country an' our King for ever!

Our Country an' our King for ever!

St. David, Patrick, an' St. George!

St. Andrew an' our King for ever!

SONG.

St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

FORTH from his golden couch Phœbus was peeping,

Of hill and dale taking an early survey;

As if he conceived it a shame to be sleeping

On Patrick's day in the morning;

The dew-cloud which hung on the skirt of the mountain,

His godship's warm beams quickly melted away;

And as they saluted each streamlet and fountain,

All nature looked smilingly, cheerful and gay,

While on light wing upborne, the blithe lark was high
soaring;

Jubilee strains from its liquid throat pouring,

On Patrick's day in the morning.

Hark, hark! the city bells, merrily pealing,

The welcome occasion already proclaim;

And Erin's glad sons, with exultant voice hailing

St. Patrick's day in the morning;

The shamrock-crowned harps, too, at intervals ringing,
 Their national melodies sweetly combine ;
 To the joy-yielding measure, the minstrels are singing,
 And as their warm, patriot effusions they join,
 The sounding chords vibrate in stronger emotion ;
 Mingling their accents of fervid devotion,
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

Erin's fair daughters, their eyes brightly beaming,
 The festival grace, and enliven the scene ;
 The banners of Ireland they view proudly streaming
 On Patrick's day in the morning ;
 Clearly and shrill, now, the pipes gaily sounding,
 In each glowing bosom fond pleasure excite ;
 And, while every heart in true joy is abounding,
 All ranks and degrees in one feeling unite,
 And, while liveliest transport their looks are expressing,
 Their loved native land they are mutually blessing,
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

SONG.

Nos Galan, or New Year's Eve.

HARK! the merry minstrels singing,
fal lal lal, &c.

To their harps responsive ringing,
 &c.

Hark! they strike a mirthful measure,
&c.

New Year's eve's an eve of pleasure.
&c.

On every face a smile appearing,
Every heart with transport cheering;
In social circles Cambrians meeting,
New Year's eve with rapture greeting.

Their tribute lay of loud devotion,
The harps now breathe in warm emotion;
Hark! the well-known theme invites us,
While it moves, the strain delights us.

Every heart with joy is swelling,
Every breast its joy is telling;
New Year's eve be welcomed ever,
New Year's eve forget we never!

&c. &c.

Translation

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE,

“ Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.”

THE man, my friend, whose life is pure,
His mind in conscious good secure,
Nor needs the Mauritanian dart,
Nor poisoned shafts to guard his heart ;

Whether his fearful journey bends
O'er barren Afric's burning sands,
O'er Alpine summits, crowned with snows,
Or where the famed Hydaspes flows.

For, while unarmed in Tyber's grove,
My heart attuned to mirth and love,
I sung my Lydia, (beauteous maid,)
And past the usual confine strayed,

A wolf, whose jaws distilled with blood,
The grisly monarch of the wood,
Although by fiercest hunger led,
With eager terror from me fled.

Not warlike Daunia's beechen groves,
Through which the lordly hunter roves;
Nor where Numidia's lion breeds,
So huge, so vast a monster feeds.

Place me on Afric's arid plain,
Where sultry suns eternal reign;
Or Scythia's lengthened waste of snows,
Where no refreshing summer glows.

Or where the parching car of day
Darts on the world its headlong ray;
My Lydia's voice, my Lydia's smile,
Shall still the passing hour beguile.

Lines on Love and Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP, the lily of the heart,
In modest purity adorns;
Its blossoms fragrant sweets impart,
And ever are they free from thorns.

But love resembles most the rose;
The flower in beauty's blushes drest;
Delight upon its bosom glows,
But while it charms, it wounds the breast.

Yet such its fascinating power,
So rich its deathless perfumes rise,
Oh, who could view this graceful flower,
Nor wish to pluck th' enchanting prize.

When from the realms of Flora's care,
 We form the varied nosegay, sweet,
Without the rose and lily there,
 The bright bouquet is incomplete.

So 'tis within the human breast,
 (Though flowers of feeling may it bless,)
Where neither love nor friendship rest,
 There dwells not real happiness.

Love can indeed delight the heart,
 Though Friendship's tender buds should die;
But earth has nothing to impart,
 Love's withered blossoms to supply.

An Address,

Delivered by MR. GRANT, of the THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL,

AT HIS BENEFIT;

Upon the occasion of his Daughter's first introduction on the Stage.

WHEN first the Sea-boy ventures on the deep,
An honest fame and livelihood to seek,
With timid eye the ocean he surveys,
And to subdue his fear, in vain essays;
The fostering crew perceive his courage fail;
His terror rising with the rising gale;
By kind encouragement, they soon impart
A sympathetic firmness to his heart,
Teach him the dangers of the sea to brave,
And stem with confidence the yielding wave;
No more with visionary fears impressed,
The love of glory now pervades his breast;
By perils nerved, his soul no terror finds
In stormy billows or in raging winds.

So, the poor Actor in this critic age,
When first he ventures on the scenic stage,
Feels at his heart tumultuous tremors rise,
And to suppress their influence, vainly tries;
'Till by indulgent plaudits rendered bold,
The native talents of his mind unfold;
His fears abate, his apprehensions fly,
And while the tear-drop trembles in his eye,
He waits with hope, the Public's mild decree,
His first, best claim,—their liberality.

This night, with more than idle fears oppressed,
No common feeling agitates my breast;
And though a veteran in the scenic art,
A strange emotion rushes on my heart;
Must I the painful, anxious cause reveal?
'Tis for my Daughter's fate these fears I feel.

Here let me pause;—nor further, thus obtrude,
Upon my friends, my fond solicitude;

This powerful impulse still must be obeyed ;
 The grateful tribute here I owe, be paid ;
 Twelve years are past, since first my willing toils
 Received the flattering sanction of your smiles ;
 And though with keen sensations of regret,
 I bade farewell to Scotia's mountains,—yet
 While memory lives, I never can deplore
 The fate that cast me on your friendly shore ;
 Ah, still your generous patronage extend ;
 You've been the Father's,—be the Daughter's friend ;
 Her *motive*, sure, will meet your kind applause,
 She ventures forward in her Parents' cause ;
 While this conviction animates her heart,
 That Britons always take a Female's part.

SONNET.

To Disappointment.

OH, Disappointment! darkest of the train,
That swells the gloomy sisterhood of woe,
Thou, from whose urn, in copious torrents, flow
The sable streams of sorrow and of pain,
I own, I feel thy spirit-sickening reign.
What sad surprise this beating bosom knew
When, 'mid the bowers where Rapture's blossoms grew,
(Bowers raised by Hope, on Comfort's smiling plain,)
My feet were led along a lovely way,
Strewed o'er with flowerets, fascinating, gay,
At each advancing step more fair and bright;
'Till sudden on my fear-bewildered sight
Thy cavern opened; and thy baleful sway
The scene transforming, changed the garden round
Into a dreary wilderness profound.

The Cottage Welcome.

A Winter Piece.

THE fateful tempest, threatening near,
Sweeps with wild havoc o'er the main ;
Stern winter speeds with dread career,
The terrors of his iron reign.

Hark! how it howls around my cot,
Wild-eddying through the gloomy vale ;
How sad yon houseless traveller's lot,
Exposed amid th' unpitying gale.

Replenish well the blazing hearth,
And bring the flaggon's foaming store ;
We'll drown the storm in social mirth,
For, see!—the Wanderer seeks our door,

Stranger, thou'rt welcome;—enter here,
 Nor brave the storm's relentless rage;
 Though poor the welcome, 'tis sincere,
 Enter, and rest thy wearied age.

Come, Julia, spread the frugal feast,
 And let thy presence cheer our board;
 Invite, my love, this way-worn guest,
 To share the meal our means afford.

Blest with thy love, what greater wealth,
 Can e'er I covet to possess!
 Heaven grants us competence and health,
 Our love secures all other bliss.

Good stranger, thou must need repose;
 Yonder thy humble pallet lies;
 In peace thy weary eye-lids close,
 And when thy journey calls thee, rise.

Oh, Julia! how my pulses glow,
Grateful to that Eternal Power,
Who bade us feel for others' woe,
And brighten sorrow's gloomy hour.

What though the storm infuriate roll,
Pregnant with mischief, through the sky,
What though it shake the utmost pole,
Our hearts continual calm supply.

SONG.

Loud though the fiery tempest raves,
 Though lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
 Th' intrepid Tar all danger braves,
 Nor yields to fear his dauntless soul;
 Though dire the wild tornado blows,
 And round him raging billows roar,
 His manly heart no terror knows,
 No dread from Neptune's fiercest power :
 But should the thoughts of home come o'er his feeling mind,
 He heaves an anxious sigh, and thinks the seas unkind.

Should the tempestuous waves subside,
 And safe from storms his vessel ride,
 No more he chides the faithless seas,
 But carols lightly to the breeze;
 The song, the jest, the flowing bowl,
 Restore to joy his drooping soul;
 Fond hopes revive, in fancy blest,
 He strains his sweetheart to his breast:
 The threatening storm appeased, no cares disturb his mind,
 He breathes a sigh to love, nor thinks the seas unkind.

SONG.

The Island of Green.

Ah, poh, botheration, dear Ireland's the nation
 Where man every joy upon earth may obtain;
 Where worth, hospitality, conviviality,
 Friendship and open sincerity reign;
 Sure I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
 But in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
 I ne'er saw an island, on sea or on dry-land,
 Like Paddy's own sweet little Island of Green.

In England, your roses make mighty fine posies;
 Provoke Scotia's thistle, you meet your reward;
 But sure for its beauty, an Irishman's duty
 Will teach him his own native plant to regard;
 St. Patrick first set it; with tear drops he wet it,
 And often to cherish and bless it, was seen;
 Its virtues are rare, too, it's fresh and it's fair, too,
 And blooms but in Paddy's own Island of Green.

A sprig from each stem, forms a rich, valued gem,
 More brilliantly bright than the dew on the thorn ;
 Together united, unsullied, unblighted,
 It blooms a bouquet, beauty's breast to adorn ;
 Oh! long may they flourish, may heaven's dews nourish
 Each warm, kindred soil where these emblems are seen !
 May no fatal blunder e'er tear them asunder,
 But long be they wreathed in the Island of Green.

Success to old Ireland, its bog and its mireland!
 There's not such a universe under the sun,
 For honour, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
 For wit and good fellowship, frolic and fun.
 With wine and with whiskey, when once it gets frisky,
 An Irishman's heart in true colours is seen ;
 While with mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing,
 With love for its own native Island of Green.

SONG.

The Norland Lassie.

Written to the measure of the Air,—“*The Old Highland Laddie.*”

THE suthorn belles gae sprush an’ fine,

Busked out in laces gay an’ gaudy;

Gang as they may, they’ll na outshine

Young Jesse in her tartan plaidy.

O, my bonnie Norland Lassie!

My sonsie, charming Norland Lassie!

Their tinsel show I carena’ by,

My care is a’ my Norland Lassie.

The breeze that owre the mountain blaws,

Ne’er fanned sae fresh, sae sweet a blossom;

The stream that down the lea-rig fa’s,

Ne’er showed sae fair, sae pure a bosom.

O, my bonnie Norland Lassie!
 My leesome, cuthie Norland Lassie!
 The suthorn belles wi' a' their charms,
 Ne'er charm me like my Norland Lassie.

The melting saftness o' her een
 Might gar the cauldest heart adore her;
 The angel sweetness o' her mien
 Wad mak' a hermit kneel before her.

O, my bonnie Norland Lassie!
 My winsome, smiling Norland Lassie!
 Sae lang's the pulse o' life remains,
 Sae lang I'll loe my Norland Lassie.

Her mantlin' locks of golden hair,
 Upon her snawy haffits playin',
 Descending down her neck as fair,
 An' owre her gracefu' shouthers' strayin'.

O, my bonnie Norland Lassie !
My artless, speckless Norland Lassie !
She's gentle as the cushat-doo,
My ain kind-hearted Norland Lassie.

At gloamin', O, how sweet to rove
Amang the flowery, fragrant heather ;
To list the night-bird's sang o' luve,
An' wind the greenwood shaw thegither.
O, my bonnie Norland Lassie !
My leal, my lovin' Norland Lassie !
Yon conscious orb shall leave its sphere,
Ere I forsake my Norland Lassie.

Impressions,

EXCITED BY THE PERUSAL OF MISS EVANCE'S POEMS.

OFT have I strayed at morning's peaceful hour,
In lonely musing 'neath the woodland shade;
There, undisturbed, in nature's tranquil bower,
To nature's God my hallowed offering paid.

Oft has a tear unconscious dewed mine eye,
As memory's visions have my soul possessed;
And true to sympathy, the rising sigh
Evinced the sad sensations of my breast.

Oft have I climbed the mountain's misty brow,
And viewed gay Phœbus in the orient rise;
Marked his bright beams illumine the vale below,
And seen morn's joyous minstrel cleave the skies.

Oft, at still eve, I've wooed the melting lay

Of the lone bird, as through the silent grove

She's poured her sadly pleasing melody,

And to the vesper planet breathed her love.

Oft when the silent world lay sunk in sleep,

I've ranged the awful, wild, fantastic fells,

Where fairy fiends their midnight vigils keep,

And by the moon's wan lustre frame their spells.

Oft have I wandered by the desert shore,

And heard the loud and angry tempest rave;

Marked the bold sailor ply the labouring oar,

And seen the sea-mew skim the surging wave.

If, then, to nature's genial impulse true,

Thy glowing page these images renews,

Can I suppress the grateful tribute due,

EVANCE! to thee, and to thy feeling Muse.

The False Alarm.

A War Vision.

DUET.

WHAT means, my love, that fear-fraught sigh,

Why starts the tear from Julia's eye;

Ah, why thus throbs thy troubled breast,

What dreadful vision haunts thy rest?

Thy Edward's near thee.

I hear the drum, it beats to arms!

And hark, the trumpet's dire alarms!

And lo, the dreadful weapons gleam!

And see, the hostile standards stream!

—Oh, art thou near me?

Hush, hush, my love, thy fears are vain ;

'Tis but the noise of beating rain ;

'Tis but the loud tempestuous wind,

'Tis but a phantom of the mind ;

Thy Soldier's near thee.

And was it, Edward, but a dream !

And heard I not a dying scream !

Oh, no, 'twas fancy's power that pressed

Terrific on my hour of rest ;

I feel thee near me.

CANZONET.

THE evening breeze was softly sighing,

The woodland choir were sunk to rest ;

The weary swain was homeward hieing,

The sun-beam fading in the west ;

Her vesper song night's bird was trilling

Melodious on the dewy spray ;

The starry dome of heaven filling

With sweet seraphic minstrelsy.

On pebbled beds the streamlets playing,

O'er the charmed senses stole ;

And through the silent valley straying,

With tender musing filled the soul ;

The far-off waterfall resounded,

At intervals, throughout the grove ;

Waked by the winds, the wild harp sounded,

While echo swelled the notes of love.

An Answer

TO THE

CELEBRATED BALLAD OF KATE KEARNEY.

OH, yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
From her love-beaming eye,
What mortal can fly,
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney;
For that eye so seducingly beaming,
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,
And I feel 'tis in vain
To fly from the chain,
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve, when I've met this Kate Kearney,
On the flower-mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart,
A sweet joy to my heart,
As I've gazed on the charming Kate Kearney;
On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I first felt the smart
Of love's fatal dart,
And the soul-soothing sigh of Kate Kearney.

SONNET.

On Cupid.

THE poet and the painter falsely drew
That beauteous infant whom we Cupid name;
When, as he comes to play his treacherous game,
A quiver, bow, and darts they show to view;
These emblems he conceals; for were they seen, ah, who
Would ever yield to his illusive claim?
Who would unfold their bosom to a flame
Whose deadly and consuming power they knew?
No,—'tis unarmed, defenceless, meek, and mild,
Love first appears to the deluded eye;
The innocence and beauty of the child
Prevent the wish, and e'en the thought to fly;
And 'tis not till we clasp him to our breast,
We see the arms he hides beneath his flowery vest.

CANZONET.

OH, peerless Nymph, believe me true,
This heart's last throb shall throb for you;
I swear, by fond affection's sigh,
By the mild beam in beauty's eye,

Dear maid, I love thee!

I swear by yon chaste orb of light,
By all these silvery planets bright,
By thy sweet face, so heavenly fair,
Thy faultless form, thy matchless air,

Dear maid, I love thee!

By that kind smile, devoid of art,
Which first enthralled my raptured heart,
By all those tender vows I've paid,
Beneath this sighing myrtle shade,

Dear maid, I love thee!

By the soft breeze that faintly plays,
And whispers through these bloomy sprays,
By yon lone warbler's solemn strains,
And by the stillness now that reigns,
Dear maid, I love thee!

The Highland Piper's Medley.

WRITTEN

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW, 1810,

To the measure of the following Scottish Airs:

" I am a jolly gay Pedlar."

" Woo'd an' married an' a."

" The yellow-haired Laddie."

" Rothiemurcus rant."

" The Highland Laddie."

" The Campbells are comin."

HEY, Piper, come blaw up your chaunter,

An' gie us a lilt o' your ain!

A lilt sic as famed Rob the Ranter

To Maggie might strike up again;

Or gif your drone is in order,

The air " Owre the hills far awa,"

Some war-strain ye've heard on the border,

Or, " Woo'd an' married an' a'."

My name ye ken's Sandy M'Donald,

I've na ither title ava;

Ye've a' heard o' Ronald M'Donald,

A chief, ance, owre hills far awa;

My kin though there's na need to name,

Gin ye ken na the hale o' the Clan,

Ye'll find in the records o' fame,

They're Highlanders a' to a man;

Plaid an' bonnet an' a',

Philibeg, brogues an' a';

The mountain-winds sough through their tartans,

On bonnet an' plume an' a'!

It's now, by my count, boon the fifty-eighth year,

Sin' a bairn, i' the brae, I remember it weel;

The sound o' the pipes first attracted my ear,

An' gar'd my young bosom its influence feel;

Nay, ferlie na, friends, gif a tear drap should fa',

Its a tribute I owe to the days that are gane;

For, as memory's visions gae by, they reca'

Ideas lang past, baith o' joy an' o' pain.

Scotia, by thy highland hills

Aft I've wandered, aft I've wandered,
Marked the sunbeams kiss the rills

Down the lea-rigs fa'in' o;
There, first, 'mid scenes o' former joys,
Mang friends in wham was na disguise,
I learnt my native lan' to prize,—
My youthfu' feelin's showing o.

Though now gane by, I've seen the day,
An' that, too, in fair ladies' hearin',
Saft, soothin' speeches I could say,
Na saucy, skeigh repulses fearin';
To days o' youth there's na returnin';
Days whan the breast wi' luve is burnin';
The spring o' life maun fade awa,
Its pride o' bloom nae mair appearin'.

Fill up your cappies, now, bumper hie,
An' like honest Norlanders, drain them dry;

'THE SONS O' ST. ANDREW!

An' now ye ken

We'll fill to the health o' the Highlandmen!

To Caledonia's patriot lan'!

To ilk true Scot 'o ilka Clan!

To friends an' kindred far awa!

Gude days an' joy be wi' ye a'.

The Irish Piper's Medley.

Written to the measure of the following Irish Airs :

" Poh, Dermot go 'long with your goster."

" Gramachree."

" Garryone."

" Arrah, my dear Evileen."

" St. Patrick's day."

AH, poh, botheration, be asy!

Come bring us in whiskey galore;

And may be, now, Paddy O'Daisey

Will lilt us up Molly Astore, honies!

Paddy, sure, hasn't the knack of it,

Faith and he has the way nately;

Give him the tune and the whack of it,

Och! that he'll handle completely.

Oh! Erin, when to thee I pour

The tribute of my soul,

I feel as if some magic power

Had o'er my senses stole;

And as I breathe the varied lay

Of transport and of pain,

A mingled tide of memory

Comes wildering o'er my brain.

In the county of Connaught, where first I was born,

They say a cow's tail can't be called a bull's horn;

O, faith that's as clear as that hay isn't corn,

Or a moon-shiny night, a fine sun-shiny morn;

But whate'er of bulls or brogues be said,

This observation I'd impart;

Th' errors that spring by chance from the head,

Can bring no reflection at all on the heart;

Then send round the bowl, there's no blunder in that,

As long as the whiskey gems brighten its breast;

The brighter they beam, the more welcome to Pat,

For sure of all craters, the crater's the best.

Music's sweet charms can the burthened heart lighten,

Soothe the soul's mourning, and soften its grief;

Music's sweet charms can the faded eye brighten,

Yielding to trouble a balmy relief.

Care-worn and old, I yet can borrow

Gleams of joy to cheer my woes;

Still can music heal my sorrow,

Lull my senses into soft repose.

Ireland for ever, boys! come, let us fill to it;

Is there a Paddy the toast would be scorning?

Brothers of Erin, we'll add, if you will, to it,

Patrick's Day in the Morning!

Wait now, and hear, while I lilt it up gaily;

Before I could spake, I could carol the tune;

Its dear to my heart as a twig of shillelah,

As cowslips in May or as roses in June;

Arrah! sure if the soul can be thrilled into pleasure,

Each quickened pulse must leap up at the measure

Of Patrick's Day in the Morning.

BALLAD.

MY Love, she's pure as are the virgin snows,
Ere on the woodland's breast they meet repose ;
Chaste as the lily, as the hyacinth fair,
Its charms disclosing to the vernal air ;
Mild as the tender beam of evening light,
And brightly beautiful as the star of night.

More fresh her form than is the mountain rose,
O'er which the sighing zephyr softly blows,
Unfolding sweetly to fair morning's view,
Its blushing foliage wet with golden dew ;
Fragrant her breath, as is the summer breeze,
That wafts its perfume through the almond trees.

Lines

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A HAPPY VISIT
TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

As one who sadly stands upon the deck
Of some tall ship, that holds her stately course
Far onwards, where the consecrated wave
Of Ganges sparkles to the orient sun,
Fierce in his tropic strength, and cloudless sky;
Or where Columbia's varied land reflects,
From trackless forests and savannahs wide,
The milder glories of his setting beam ;
While, as she bounds majestic o'er the tide,
The cheerless wanderer strains his eager gaze
Towards the receding shore, and often clears
The dim suffusion of his tearful eye,
Till distance draws her closing veil around,

Then turns him to his solitude, while oft
His full heart swells with many a cherished proof
Of recollected pleasures, now more dear,
Since now no more enjoyed;—
E'en so, dejectedly I seem to stand,
My pensive soul a prey to melancholy;
And though I watch, with more than miser care,
Their silent speed, the Moments hasten on,
With undelaying and with printless feet,
To swell the treasures of departed time.
A few short hours, alas, will bear me hence,
And other scenes, less interesting far,
Must soon succeed to all my late delights.
The exercise and interchange of mind,
That winged the hours unheeded,—they have passed
Happy beyond my hopes; not e'en the robe
With which anticipation to the eye
Of fancy decks the future, made them seem
So fair as they have proved; 'tis pain to know
That they will soon depart; will quickly yield

To others far less welcome; yet my heart
Will not admit that they are wholly fled;
The future is not hid in rayless night;
For memory oft shall cast athwart the gloom,
A beam of fitful light; her plastic power
Shall oft recal, in luxury of thought,
The forms ideal of departed joys,
And place them, robed in hues ethereal,
Full in my mental view. Nor this, alone,
For Hope, (perchance with treacherous smile,) shall bid
The promised future glow with living light;
'Tis her's alone; for still as time flows on,
Her call can people every coming hour
With baseless visions of deceitful bliss;
The past is mine; and, faithful to her trust,
Memory shall write it on her fairest page,
Sacred to friendship, harmony, and peace,
Till life's last pulses falter at my heart.

BALLAD.

The Seaman's Vow.

AN ANSWER TO THE SONG OF " WAPPING OLD STAIRS."

THY Thomas has faithfully kept, he declares,
The vow he last made thee at Wapping Old Stairs;
When he fervently swore, neither coast, clime, nor change,
His thoughts from thee, Mary, should ever estrange;
When the rose on thy cheek on a sudden grew pale,
As thou tremblingly marked the wide spread of his sail,
When his fortitude failed as he bade thee adieu,—
Oh! then 'twas he vowed he would ne'er prove untrue.

When summoned by duty, and destined to part,
Thy look's sad expression struck grief to his heart,
When thy fair face the marks of anxiety bore,
As his boat was reluctantly drifting from shore;

When the pitying breeze mourned and murmured his sighs,
 And a flood of soft sympathy flowed from thine eyes,
 When thy handkerchief waved him a last fond adieu,—
 Oh ! then 'twas he vowed he would ne'er prove untrue.

SONG.

The Deil tak' Buonaparte.

Written to the Air of—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

HAUD, haud, my vauntie Corsican,
 Ne'er geck your head sae hie ;
 We care na for your tyrant plan,
 Sae lang's we are free ;
 Wi' fortin's luck though now elate,
 Wi' mad ambition fou,
 Your vap'rin', ye blether-skate,
 Ye'se yet fu' dearly rue.

The deil tak' Buonaparté, an'
 Sic gasconaders a',
 It's ay the right o' Gallic cocks,
 To bluster, strut an' craw.

At Acre's siege, ye ken the day
 Ye felt Sir Sidney's steel,
 An' Alexandria's bluidy fray,
 Your slaves remember weel;
 At Maida, too, gin fame says right,
 Your laurels gat a stain;
 An' Talavera's deadly fecht
 Proves a' your boasting vain.

The deil tak' Buonaparté, sirs,
 As weel's his brither Jaw,
 Their conscripts an' their generals,
 The deil gang wi' em a'!

Hoot, dinna fash us wi' your gab,
Your threats ha' nae avail;
Ye'se find its but a tangled wab
You're weaving for yoursel';
Ye ken, my wylie, wee, wee man,
There's ay a spot remains,
On which ye canna lay your han',
Hows'e'er ye count your pains.

The deil tak Buonaparté, sirs,
His ministers an' a',
His legislators, halesale, too,
The deevil tak' 'em a'!

The Lake Minstrels.

A GLEE.

SEE, Minstrels, see, the cheering beam of day
Dawns through the casement of the purpled east;
The softened splendour of the morning ray
Gems, with a blushing tint, the Lake's pure breast;
Now while the wafting breezes fan our sail,
And down the glassy stream we glide along,
Breathe we our accents with the murmuring gale,
Then rouse the echoes with our bolder song.
Softly sweet as summer sighs
Through some lonely valley stealing,
Let our tribute lay arise,
To the God of light appealing !

Now, in numbers warm and strong,
As choral sounds to heaven ascending,
Pour we our impassioned song,
In harmony our voices blending.

Hark! to the fervent, soul-entrancing strain,
From yon deep glen sweet echo's voice replying;
Hark! now it swells along yon mountain chain,
Now on the lake's expanse the notes are dying.

BALLAD.

The Smile of Affection.

Oh, sweet is the perfume diffused by the rose,
And fragrant the heath in the valley that blows;
Oh, lovely to view the first blushes of morn,
And bright are the dew-drops that hang on the thorn;
But, ah, still more pleasing, more grateful, more sweet,
Is the smile of affection when true lovers meet.

Oh, pure is the pleasure that rural life yields,
And sweet is the odour of newly mown fields;
Delightful to wander the grove-side along,
And list to the woodlark, or nightingale's song;
But, ah, still more pleasing, more grateful, more sweet,
Is the smile of affection when true lover's meet.

Lines inscribed upon a Telescope,

Presented to a Friend, who resides at Dove Nest, near Ambleside.

WHEN distant objects through this glass you trace,
And dwell, enraptured, on fair nature's face,
Clear and distinct while all her charms you see,
Blended in tints of sweetest harmony,
Ah, sometimes think, as from your halcyon nest,
Your eye beams wander o'er these realms of rest,
Ah, think, my friend, that he who oft has wooed
Thy sylvan haunts of shady solitude,
Whose unambitious, humble heart, delights
In rural pleasures and in rural sights;
He, whose keen griefs but lately drew from thee
The cordial sigh of genuine sympathy,

Ah, think, how happy would he deem his lot,
To be the tenant of a lowly cot,
Where, in the shelter of some calm retreat,
His breast no more with torturing cares might beat ;
Where all his worldly wanderings might cease,
And all his anxious thoughts be hushed to peace.

Kathleen M'Cleary.

Written to the measure of the popular Irish Air—" *Kitty of Colraine*."

OH, have you not heard of sweet Kathleen M'Cleary ?

The beam from her eye might an icicle melt;

The pride, the perfection of famed Tipperary,

Where first at the shrine of her beauty I knelt!

'Twas day-break at morning; the sun was adorning

The tip of the heath-covered mountain with gold;

Together while walking, of love I'd be talking,

And mighty fine things to dear Kathleen I told.

Her bright eyes like dew-drops with lustre were glowing,

A soft rising blush o'er her features was spread;

Her dark, raven ringlets were gracefully flowing,

A clustre of dimples her sweet smile displayed!

The bright charms of nature, before this fair creature,

Dissolved like a snow-drift beside a turf fire;

"Ochone!" said I, sighing, "I'm doting, I'm dying,—

Sweet Kathleen M'Cleary, for love I expire!"

The Lover's Dream.

My lovely Chloris, tell me, why,

When oft of thee I'm dreaming,

I fancy that thy smiling eye

Upon my heart is beaming?

And as its orb resplendent moves,

Indulgent favours glancing,

A thousand little light-heeled Loves

Upon its rays are dancing!

My lovely Chloris, tell me, now,

When leaden sleep steals o'er me,

Why oft I breathe a fervent vow,

And dream that I adore thee?

And, as my bosom feels the glow

Of faithful, fond affection,

A votary to love's shrine I go,

And own my soul's subjection.

And, Chloris dear, pray tell me this,

When, on love's pinion flying,

In fantasy I've stole a kiss

As thou asleep wert lying,

Why has the pleasing vision still

In magic fetters bound me?

Come, you can tell me, if you will,

If I can tell, confound me!

SONG.

The Harper's Retreat.

IN Clwyd's sweet vale, by a warm, sheltering wood,
Where Cambria's bards were erst wonted to meet,
A moss-covered dwelling for ages has stood,
Sequestered and calm, called The Harper's Retreat :
With verdure unfading its walls mantled o'er,
Where the red-breast and linnet still find a repose ;
Rich, balm-breathing woodbines o'ershading the door,
And twining their wreaths round the jasmine and rose.

Ah! near the loved spot oft I've lingered alone,
And watched the bright sun-beam decline in the west ;
While borne on the breeze, the harp's soft, magic tone,
Has soothed the sad thoughts which encumbered my
breast ;

And as with the sighs of the mild evening gale

Its numbers came mingled, harmonious and sweet,

Reclining, unseen, in the flower-scented vale,

I've dwelt on the charms of the Harper's Retreat.

Dear mansion of peace! once the valley's chief pride;

The favourite resort of the lovers of song;

Now, near it, the streamlets neglectedly glide,

And mourn at the change as they murmur along.

Night's bird, too, the tribute of sympathy pays,

Once used the Bard's vesper devotions to greet,

And the owl, as if musing on past halcyon days,

Stands sentinel now on the Harper's Retreat.

SONG.

Buonaparte's gane to Spain.

WRITTEN

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SPANISH CONTEST.

*Air—" Duncan Gray."***BUONAPARTE's gane to Spain;****Ha, ha, the cunning o't!****Na doubt king Jawy to proclaim;****Ha, ha, the cunning o't!****His conscrip' host, on han's an' knees,****Hae sprattled up the Pyranees,****An' now they think the crown to seize;****Ha, ha, the cunning o't!**

Boney stamps, an' Boney stares ;

Ha, ha, the vap'rin o't!

To conquer Spain the wee ane swears ;

Ha, ha, the blath'rie o't!

Jawy hauds his head fu' hie,

And Talleyran' looks unco slie,

But hooly! hooly! haud a wee,

Ha, ha, the ending o't!

A proud example to the world,

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

Britannia's ensigns are unfurled ;

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

E'en now, upon Iberia's shore

The British thunder's heard to roar,

And soon shall fa' the tri-color ;

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

The mingled flags already stream ;

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

The bright, defying weapons gleam ;

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

Proud valour fires the Patriot's e'e,

Each Briton's manly heart beats hie,

The cry is, "Death, or Victory!"

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

Shouts o' triumph rend the sky ;

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

The vauntin' troops o' Gallia fly,

Ha, ha, the slaughterin' o't!

Victoria! the Patriots ca',

The bay'nets clash,—they fa, they fa,

The field's our ain, huzza, huzza,

Ha, ha, the glory o't!

Sons o' Scotia! come, suppose,

Ha, ha, a bumper to't!

We drink—"Confusion to our foes!"

Ha, ha, a bumper to't!

The deil may gang wi' Buonapart,

An Talleyran' wi' a' my heart,

King Jawy, too, and each upstart,

Ha, ha, a bumper to't!

SONG.

The Land of Shillelah.

ARRAH, come, sons of Erin, I'll give you a song;
The Shillelah's my theme, of course 'twill not be long;
And if with attention you'll honour the tune,
To the words you're as welcome as roses in June.

Fal de ral, &c.

The Irish Shillelah, och, faith it's no joke!
Is nearly akin to the old English Oak;
The relationship none will dispute, sure, who knows
The striking similitude felt in their blows.

In the land of potatoes, (I mean no offence,)
The Shillelah first sprouted, its pride and defence;
By freedom 'twas planted, it flourished and grew,
And the fame of this sapling is known the world through.

The Shillelah's an Irishman's joy and delight;
 His companion by day, his protection by night;
 And though rough in appearance, you all must allow
 That its mighty engaging when seen in a row.

That thief of the world, Buonaparté, declares
 He'd fain be at the head, Sirs, of Irish affairs;
 About righting your wrongs, should a foreigner prate,
 Let all your Shillelahs fall whack on his pate.

The French gasconaders have long made a boast,
 They'll Old England invade on the Irishmen's coast;
 Should they dare from your shamrocks to rifle a sprig,
 Och! show the blackguards you can handle a twig.

Let a bumper, then, sons of Ierne, go round;
 The toast I propose, in your hearts will be found;
 Here's—"The land of Shillelah! and long may the sod
 By the firm foot of freedom and friendship be trod!"

SONNET.

To Fancy.

FANCY, enchantress! yet the dream prolong,
That floats in loveliness before my sight;
What perfect images! what colours bright!
O, I could listen to that witching song
For ever; breathed the flowers of hope among,
Like strains of birds, who, pausing in their flight,
Warble 'mid blossomed bowers of sweet delight.
Queen of the star-eyed, fair, ethereal throng,
Who, weaving sun-beams, magic notes compose,
To add a lustre e'en to rapture warm,
And deck with beauty sorrow's rayless form;
Bewildered, lost, yet wrapt, my spirit bows
Before thy glorious rainbow-circled throne,
Adoring charms and wonders all thine own!

Lines

WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF A GROTTO.

If that ethereal spark of purest flame
 That glows within us, were extinct by death;
 If every hope of worlds beyond the skies
 Sunk with this frail and perishable dust
 Into the narrow confines of the tomb,
 Never to burst its bondage,—then 'twere wise
 To drain the bowl of pleasure, and indulge
 What fancy paints of bliss: but if the voice
 Of Reason and of God proclaim aloud
 The dread hereafter! if the conscious soul
 Must still survive, when all beneath the sun
 Is whelmed in floods of fire,—'twere wisdom then,
 To check its wild careering, and recal
 The wanderer to its God; to hopes of bliss,
 Through ages never ending. Listen ye
 Who idly slumber through life's little space,

In day-dreams of delusion, timely wise,
 Assert the native dignity of man;
 And though your bounding pulses are attuned
 To pleasure's call, dare to resist the syren,
 Whose treacherous voice would lure you on to death;
 Seek ye, with eager speed, the nobler paths,
 Where solitude and contemplation, hand in hand,
 Press on towards virtue; run the glorious course
 While all thy powers of life are strong to toil;
 So shalt thou win the prize, so rest in peace,
 And wait the final glories of that day,
 When earth and ocean shall at once resign
 Their trembling tenants; when the just shall rise
 Through floods of empyreal day, to meet
 The vision of the Almighty, to rejoice
 In endless and increasing blessedness,
 Which neither tongue can tell nor heart conceive.
 Be timely wise;—flee from the sins of life,
 And oftentimes from its pleasures, to indulge
 In holy thoughts, and count each moment gain,
 Snatched from the cares of life, and fixed on heaven.

Keswick Scenery.

HAVE you not seen, at early morn,
 The glittering dew-drops gem the thorn;
 Have not your eyes with pleasure seen,
 The opening flowerets deck the green;
 Beheld Aurora's smiling ray
 Illume with gold the mountain gray;
 Delighted viewed mild evening's beam,
 With azure tinge some haunted stream,
 And joyed to see fair Cynthia's light
 Irradiate the face of night?

O'erpowered by summer's conquering heat,
 Have you not sought some thick retreat,
 Where the sun's bright and burning rays
 Scarce glimmered through the branching sprays;

And as the faintly whispering breeze
Sighed through the fragrant hawthorn trees,
And the wild birds in social glee,
Poured forth their soothing harmony,
Have you not earth's green mantle pressed,
And felt the luxury of rest?

Ah! have you not, at noontide, strayed
To Wythop's cool, sequestered shade,
Where unmolested quiet reigns,
And gelid springs refresh the veins;
Sought heathy Lattrig's sloping side,
And seen the silver streamlet glide,
With soothing trill and murmuring force,
In windings o'er its pebbled course;
Or seated on its moss-crowned brow,
Enjoyed the rural landscape's glow;
Viewed the dark rock and waving wood
Reflected in the crystal flood;

On the smooth lake, the cygnet sail,
 Spreading her plumage to the gale,
 And downwards in the level mead,
 The ruminating cattle feed;
 Seen shepherd children tend their flocks,
 And rouse the echo of the rocks;
 Famed Derwent's proud, indented shore,
 And the tall cliffs of dread Lodore?

Or, venturing near some ridgy lin,
 That hems the scattered flowerets in,
 Culled the wild rose and violet blue,
 And fragrant heath of purple hue,
 The primrose sweet and lily pale,
 And each fresh flower that scents the gale,
 And, musing on some favourite fair,
 Wreathed a gay garland for her hair?

And have you not, at evening close,
 In Foe Park courted sweet repose;

Contemplated, with brow serene,
 The beauties of the sylvan scene;
 Marked in the west, the sun's last ray,
 Like Hope's bright vision, fade away,
 And dewy Hesper's glowing light
 Beam radiant on the raptured sight;
 Or on the green turf pensive laid,
 Beneath th' o'erarching poplar shade,
 Heard the sad stock-dove's murmuring strain,
 And the sweet bird of night complain;
 To her lorn descant lent thine ear,
 And at her musings dropped a tear;
 While afar off some waterfal
 Filled up the solemn interval?

Have you not, led by Luna's light,
 Oft wandered at the still of night,
 Through Glaramara's desert fells,
 Where witches frame their mystic spells;

Where gentle Ariel and her train
Their fairy rites might still maintain,
And terror, with bewildered mien,
Might picture "forms of things unseen;"
Where Puck, with all his elfin crew,
Their frolic gambols might pursue,
And the dire Sisters meet again,
"In thunder, lightning and in rain!"

Or gliding 'neath the moon's pale beam,
Silently down the glassy stream,
Essayed to view with venturous sail,
The frightful gorge of Borrowdale?
Seen at the dismal entrance, piled
Dark yawning rocks of aspect wild,
In every form of horror tossed,
And ne'er by human footstep crossed;
And towering cliffs, and mountains rude,
Frown on this awful solitude?

Hath chance ne'er led your wandering feet
 To the lone Hermit's calm retreat,*
 The hallowed spot, on which of old,
 If Keswick's legends truth have told,
 The venerable Herbert trod,
 And rendered up his soul to God;
 Where, far removed from worldly eyes,
 To heaven he breathed his fervent sighs,
 In meditation passed his days,
 And hymned the great Creator's praise;
 Where fashion now maintains her sway,
 And pleasure keeps her holiday.

And have you not, in Newland's vale,
 Marked the low drooping floweret pale,
 Emblem of beauty's transient power,
 That blooms and withers in an hour;

* The Hermitage on St. Herbert's Island.

Heard some lone wanderer relate
The story of poor Mary's fate;
And shed a sympathizing tear,
For the lost maid of Buttermere.
Ah! happy still had been her lot,
And peace still hovered o'er her cot,
Had not false man, with treacherous art,
Beguiled her unsuspecting heart.
Once, beauteous as the blushing flower
That bloomed in Eden's blissful bower,
Pure as the virgin snows, which shed
Their fleeces on the mountain-head,
In calm content she passed her days,
Remote from pride's intrusive gaze;
At morning dawn she cheerful rose,
And peace still crowned her night's repose;
Now faded is her beauty's grace,
And pallid her once lovely face,
And happiness, alas, no more
Sits smiling at her cottage door,

Nor morning dawn, nor evening close,
Restore her bosom's lost repose.

And have you not, from Skiddaw's height,
Down stretching far your wondering sight,
Gazed on the rock, whose threatening brow
Frowns on the narrow glen below;
Seen, decked in smiles, St. John's green vale,
And the sweet windings of Nadale;
And dimly to your view appear
The wandering waves of Windermere,
Like a gray wreath of smoke descried
Spreading along the mountain side;
Bounding the scene towards the north,
The wide-extended Solway Frith;
Beyond her shores, like misty light,
The Grampian hills revealed to sight;
While, farther still, the mountain chains
Appear to soften into plains;

And glancing round your eager eye,
Seen mingled, mountain, heath, and sky ;
Marked the rude mass together hurled,
Like the first chaos of the world;
Admired with mute and awe-struck mien,
The gloomy grandeur of the scene ?

The Mysteries of the Soul.

THERE are recesses of the heart

For ever hid from human eye;

Where rays of sympathy ne'er dart,

Where pity never pours her sigh.

Emotions, awful, strong, and deep,

With wild impetuous control,

There their resistless empire keep,

And agonize and tear the soul.

Words these emotions cannot tell;

And even looks are silent here;

Unknown within their secret cell

They rage, and, unknown, disappear.

O, mysteries of the immortal soul!
 Ye speak its high celestial fires;
 How can we comprehend the whole
 Of what the Infinite inspires.

Lines

On hearing the Song of the Timid Teur,

Sung and accompanied upon the Harp by a Young Lady.

OH, Lady, breathe that air again,
 Repeat the soft, the sorrowing strain;
 Elysian sounds have o'er me stole,
 In heavenly musings wrapt my soul;
 Your feeling accents charm, Lady.

The murmurs of the morning breeze,
That gently wave the willow trees;
The whispers of the evening gale,
That float along the winding vale,
Are grateful to mine ear, Lady.

But, nor the morning breeze that plays
Among the waving willow sprays,
Nor zephyr which at evening blows
Over the sweet and dewy rose,
Are grateful as thy song, Lady,

Then, oh, repeat the pleasing strain;
The melting measure breathe again;
Its charms still vibrate on my heart,
A soft and soothing joy impart
To my delighted soul, Lady.

SONNET.

To Sensibility.

AH, Sensibility! thine altar bright,
Circled by votarists eloquent and fair,
Heaping sweet flowers in holy offering there,
How it attracts and captivates my sight;
Thee, lovely goddess! on celestial height,
As throned thou sittest, shedding on the air
Those odorous sighs whose thrilling sweets ensnare;
Those smiles and tears that give such strange delight:
Thee, who untouched, unconquered, could survey?
My heart embraces thy enthralling chain;
But ah, I see within thy captive train,
The hapless victims of tyrannic sway;
Fear, fire-eyed Passion, beamless, dumb Despair,
Horror and Death, and Madness, follow there.

SONG.

Written to the Air of “ *You may talk of your brogue and of Ireland’s
sweet nation.*”

MURTOCK.—“ *Exposing to talk of Ireland! faith,
Sir, begging your pardon, I think a man does not deserve
to belong to any Country that’s ashamed to own it.*”

IRISHMAN IN LONDON, ACT I.—SCENE I.

I’M a son of the sod, and I’m proud, sure, to own it;
No matter what land was the land of my birth,
Bad luck may go with me, now, if I’d disown it,
Or e’er turn my back on my own native earth;
No; whatever Country an Irishman’s born in,
He’d wish by that Country to stand or to fall;
And the man who’d be after his own Country scorning,
Desarves to belong to no Country at all.
O, Mushagru, whack, little Ireland for ever!
It’s a beauty-spot placed on the cheek of the sea;
O, bless that same spot, sure an Irishman never
Too much in the praise of its beauty can say.

I'm curious to know, now, on which side the ocean,
 (Or may be it might be when over half-seas,)

His honour first got this squamified notion,
 And strange disconceit of his own country's praise;

He's a Pat his own-self, his sweet features bespeak it,
 Though divil a murphy we've tasted this week,

It's clear as the crater, sure none can mistake it,
 He's got the potaty so plain in his cheek.

O, mushagru, whack, little Ireland for ever!
 The land of shillelah's the land of my birth;

You may gather your outlandish lands altogether,
 There's not such a land on the face of the earth.

To talk of ould Ireland, it seems, is "exposing,"—

Arrah, sure, now, we ar'nt turned foreigners yet!
 Ah, bathershen, would master Pat be supposing

That Murtock so soon his own land could forget!
 When the height of a turf, I was taught for to prize it;

Each blade on its bosom is dear to my heart;
 Botheration to him who affects to despise it,

May he ne'er know the joys such a land can impart!

O, mushagru, whack, little Ireland for ever!
 Will I e'er disremember the land of my birth!
 O whiskey and whim! sure an Irishman never
 To his own can compare any land upon earth.

SONG.

Highland Jesse.

Written to the measure of the Air—" *The Ewie wi' the crooked horn.*"

O, WERE I in my native land,
 My Highland chaunter in my hand,
 Young Jesse wad my praise command,
 As loud as "Piper's drone could blaw:"
 A' Scotia's hills should hear her fame;
 The lins should echo wi' her name;
 Ilk brae an' birken-show proclaim
 The charms of her that's far awa.

Concealed within a silent glen,
 Secure frae man's intrusive ken,
 Where hawthorns guard a lowly den,
 Around which wreathing woodbines blaw,
 In simple guise of tartan green,
 This nymph of mair than mortal mien,
 A beauteous floweret blooms unseen,
 Na thought of her ain charms ava.

My Jesse's meek an' modest air,
 Her angel face, sae heavenly fair,
 Her form and features a' declare
 She's beauty's queen that's far awa;
 Her een mair bright than draps of dew,
 Her cheek wad shame the peach's hue,
 Her heart is faithfu', leal and true,
 But oh, alas, she's far awa!

At parting, we exchanged a vow;
She sealed it wi' her hinny mow;
Her last kind words come o'er me now,
 " Ah dinna gang sae far awa!"
A tear adown her pale cheek stole;
Her sigh sunk deep into my soul;
Wha has na' felt love's saft control,
 Ne'er saw the maid that's far awa.

AN IMITATION OF MOORE'S

Nonsense.

YE visionists, who take delight
In pondering o'er the dreams of night,
If you have e'er, while musing, found
Your feet transferred to fairy ground,
Conceived yourselves at midnight laid
Where Hecate haunts the gloomy glade,
Whose horrid spells, immersed in night,
Make nature shudder with affright.
Perceived the blue flame rise on high,
And some dread spectre stalking by,
With eyes of fire, and hellish form,
Muttering to th' impending storm;

While rising into giant size,
Satanic shades have met your eyes,
And starting at their aspect strange,
Beheld the fearful prospect change,
And night's mild orb unveil the scene
In charms celestial, sweet, serene ;
Have marked the light of Luna's ray
Upon the ocean billows play,
And trident-sceptered Neptune ride
Majestic o'er the flowing tide,
With Amphytrite by his side,
While all the Tritons gambolled round,
And waked the conch shell's deafening sound ;

Or Venus, in her dove-drawn car,
Just rising from the dewy main,
Lightly cleave the yielding air,
The rosy hours her smiling train,
While wafted on the dewy gale,
A thousand odours round her sail :

Or if at witching time of night,
 You've seen Queen Mab, the fairy sprite,
 Borne on a moon-beam's airy speed,
 The trackless wilds of ether tread,
 With Puck and all her elfin train,
 Some meteor's vapoury orb to gain;
 Or could your eye-beam ever trace
 The radiant hosts they say belong
 The orbs which roll in endless space,
 Tuning their harps for choral song;
 When all the east with gold adorning,
 Aurora spreads the purple morning,
 And scattering all the fiends of night,
 Wakes the world to life and light:
 Or if, where some sequestered stream
 Reflects the pale moon's trembling beam,
 You've met, when twilight o'er the green
 Robes in dark hues the sylvan scene,
 Endymion and the huntress Queen,
 The deep recesses of the shade
 A witness to their converse made;

Her useless bow no longer strung,
Her idle shafts at distance flung;
Her arm his rosy neck intertwining,
Her head upon his breast reclining,
While listening to his witching song,
The hours unnoticed, glide along:
If you have seen all this and more,
'Tis wonderful how much you've seen!

Emotions of Melancholy.

'Tis oft in mirth's gay, heedless hour,
 When all around her empire own,
 That Melancholy's potent power
 To feeling bosoms most is known.

And if to their awakened tone
 Some heart of sympathy reply,
 Soon is the magic concord shown,
 And oh, how sweet its harmony.

But if no chords in answer sound,
 And lonely the emotions swell,
 Oh, then, the solitude profound,
 The aching throb, what words can tell!

SONG.

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King.

COME, send round the wine cup, we must not yet part;

Be this toast loudly echoed by each British heart;

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!

The standard of Britain is proudly unfurled;

It streams a bold sign in the cause of the world;

On Freedom's firm rock unpolluted it waves,

And the tempest of war still illustriously braves:

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!

For freedom the breasts of our forefathers glowed;

For freedom the blood of our forefathers flowed:

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!

Wise, active and vigilant, hardy and bold,

Their chivalrous deeds in fame's records are told;

Then, while so renowned an example we boast,

In defiance of France, let this still be our toast;

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!

The beams of bright liberty have not yet fled ;
 O'er the Isle of the Ocean their radiance is shed ;

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!
 Auspiciously still, our horizon they streak,
 And through the dark gloom of proud tyranny break ;
 More gloriously yet be their lustre displayed,
 And may no fatal cloud their full splendour o'ersade !

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King !

Till nature shall vanish and time be no more,
 May the pure waves of liberty roll round our shore !

Our Army and Navy, our Country and King!
 While those rights are in danger, our fathers bequeathed,
 May Freedom's bright sword never, never be sheathed,
 And oh, may that sword which the freeman's arm draws,
 Gleam terror and death in the great glorious cause

Of our Army and Navy, our Country and King !

Additional Stanza

TO

CAMPBELL'S SONG, " TO THE BATTLE, MEN OF ERIN!"

Published in Bunting's Collection of Irish Melodies.

SEE, they come, ye men of Erin,
 Now your martial manhood show;
 Forward—and with gallant bearing
 Greet the proud, presumptuous foe.
 By the rights your sires bequeathed you,
 Prove, now prove your patriot worth;
 By the laurels fame has wreathed you,
 By the land that gave you birth!
 Freedom's brightening path's before you,
 Countrymen! you know the word;
 Freedom's seraph hovers o'er you,
 Conquest rides upon her sword.
 Irishmen! renowned in story
 For exploits of chivalry,
 Charge,—rush on 'em,—death or glory,
 Glorious death, or victory!

Stanzas,

ON THE

UNAVAILING CHARMS OF NATURE.

You tell me Spring's returned again ;
That verdure decks the flowery plain ;
That leaves are seen, and blossoms gay,
And birds renew their rapturous lay ;
I listen with a sigh—for here,
Alas, 'tis Winter all the year !

I grant, the gale is not so cold ;
I grant that we no more behold
The sky's stern brow of umbered hue,
Darkly lowering on our view ;
But this, alas, is all—for here,
'Tis Winter—Winter, all the year !

Spring, long expected, welcome Spring,
O what sweet joys thou used to bring!
When gazing on thy lovely face,
I marked each soft, enchanting grace,
And heard thy animating voice
Call every bosom to rejoice!

Those joys, alas, no more are mine;
A prey to torturing cares I pine;
Something that sympathized with me,
In nature's charms I used to see,
For ever 'tis her pitying part
To soothe and bless the lonely heart.

Each season brought some new delight;
Spring poured enchantment on my sight;
Summer with pleasure was replete,
And Autumn's fading charms, how sweet!
All, all, to me are lost; for here,
'Tis Winter—Winter, all the year.

SONG.

Ye Sons of Britannia !

Written soon after News arrived of the immortal NELSON's last Victory.

YE Sons of Britannia, who oft in the fight,
Have triumphantly challenged renown !
Ye Tars of Old England, whose prowess and might,
No enemy dares to disown ;
O listen to the patriot strain ;
Lament your gallant NELSON slain,
Th' immortal Champion of your native land.

Oft has th' inspiring trumpet's martial strain
Invoked the godlike hero to the wars ;
Oft his loved Country's glory to maintain,
He's shown his bleeding scars :
The shores of Nile with Nelson's name resound ;
And Copenhagen's conquered fleet
The spirit of his genius greet,
While Trafalgar still trembles at the sound.

The free-born Britons, confident in arms,
 Shall still extend their valorous fame ;
While glory animates, and freedom warms,
 They'll seek a deathless name ;
O'er ocean still their spreading canvass bend ;
 Then let the proud usurper know ;
 That Britons fear no foreign foe,
But still from tyrants will their Isle defend.

Old England's sons, by NELSON's deeds inspired,
 The flag of liberty shall still display ;
Her hardy Tars, when once to vengeance fired,
 Shall fill their enemies with dismay ;
Oppression's standards strip from every breeze,
 And should the gathered force of France,
 Again upon the main advance,
They'll drag their shattered fleets in thunder through the seas.

A Monody

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

SPIRIT of Song! my mournful muse inspire,

While in numbers sad and deep,

The harp's complaining chords I sweep,

Or wake to pity's tone the sympathizing lyre:

Oh, let each wildly warbling string

A melancholy requiem ring

O'er Friendship's hallowed tomb;

And thou, desponding bird of eve,

In tributary accents grieve,

Oh sanctify this gloom.

Thee, Contemplation! thee I woo,
 Wrapt in the ebon robe of night;
 Thy sable locks besprent with dew,
 Streaming to Hesper's lonely light:
 Thy solemn cheek serenely white,
 Thy sanguine eyes absorbed in thought,
 Thy quickly quivering lip with heavenly musings fraught.

 Say, sorrow-soothing maid,
 In what impervious glade,
 Or cypress shade,
 Or solitary dell,
 My pensive spirit may commune with thine?
 And I in silent awe my steps will bend
 To mourn a lost, a loved, a valued Friend,
 And kneel devoutly at thy sainted shrine.

O Avon! stream to memory dear,
 Why glides thy wave so soft and clear?
 Bid, bid thy beauteous billows roll
 Dark as the gloom that wraps my soul.
 For here at memory's keen control,
 Regret may riot in the wilds of woe,
 And here, to swell affliction's bowl,
 The trickling tears may freely flow.

Lamented object of my plaintive theme!
 Ever for thee in silent woe,
 This breast will mourn;
 And fervent as the orient beam,
 Affection's fondest sighs shall flow
 Across thy urn:
 And when the night wind's chilling breath
 Shall murmur o'er the silent dead,
 And anguish wake to twine his wreath
 For misery's head,
 Despair shall raise his wildest moan,
 And pity pour her tenderest tone.

Spirit of song ! my feeble offering's paid ;

Hear the last echo of my suppliant string ;

Shield thou the hallowed spot where worth is laid,

O'er the still shade of genius stretch thy wing ;

And when by yon neglected shrine

The genuine bard shall deign to stray,

Aid him a fragrant wreath to twine,

And deck the Poet's tomb with never-dying bay.

Thoughts upon War,

AND

On the Character of Buonaparte.

WHEN frantic rage excites the world to arms,
And reason hears aghast war's dire alarms;
When man, infuriate, leaves his mental throne,
A prey to passion's maddening arts alone;
When the dread clarion's sound is heard afar,
And fire-eyed Phrenzy mounts the blood-stained car;
When gleam portentous on the battle plain,
The glittering trappings of the warrior train,
Vice with malignant joy surveys the scene,
Confusion roars, and sanctions treason's reign;
Peace her pure, spotless ensign waves no more,
Forlorn she seeks some solitary shore.
Where'er dread war's terrific flag is reared,
The widow's shriek, the orphan's cry is heard;

Where'er she moves, her dark and deathful eyes
 Glance swift destruction's haggard destinies.

What charm upholds the warrior's right to fame?
 Nature disowns and reason mocks his claim!
 Ambition, mad ambition is the cause
 That deeds of murder meet with man's applause;
 But viewed by wisdom, war is only woe,
 And every warrior is to heaven a foe.

When France her ancient empire laid in blood,
 And hell-born anarchy exalted stood;
 When discord stalked abroad without control,
 Guarded the few, and left to chance the whole;
 When fury's trump proclaimed dread terror's reign,
 And crouching Gascons bowed to slavery's chain;
 When Freedom, trembling, heaved a fear-fraught sigh,
 And tears of blood bedimmed Religion's eye;
 When murderous Robespierre pledged to hell his faith,
 When e'en to look was guilt, to speak was death;

When (this fiend fled) another demon rose,
 Nor left a chasm in his country's woes,
 One needy villain by the fates caressed,
 With ruffian rudeness pushed before the rest ;
 His keen eye kindling with a deadly glance,
 This tiger bounded on the throne of France,
 The Bourbon's reeking robe in fury tore,
 Seized with a daring grasp the tri-color,
 And while dismay through Gaul's wide empire ran,
 Fraud, force, and faction crowned the Corsican.

Unhappy France! thy hope of freedom's gone,
 No longer glory leads thy warriors on ;
 Thy rights are vanished and thy realm's undone.
 A tyrant's will alone thy empire guides,
 Reigns in thy courts and in thy camps presides ;
 'Tis his with subtle art the world to cheat,
 And give a nobler name to rank deceit ;
 To stand conspicuous in the public eye,
 Like heaven's dire scourge, a flaming prodigy.

A false renown attaches to his name,
A HYDER's cunning with a CROMWELL's fame.
A specious calm surrounds his mental sway ;
No outward signs his hidden fears betray,
But in his face reigns still tranquillity.
By the sole vigour of his genius raised,
By independence shunned, by slavery praised,
Like MILTON's fiery fiend he seems to stand,
A bloody sceptre poisoning in his hand ;
Impiously calls a planet's space his own,
And on the world's wide ruin builds his throne.

The Close of Day.

BENEATH the distant hill

The sun had sought repose ;

The nightingale's soft trill

Proclaimed day's welcome close ;

Gemmed o'er with glittering light

The vault of heaven appeared,

And Cynthia, queen of night,

Her silver shield upreared.

Bright beamed the lover's star,

Sphered in the dewy west ;

The curfew from afar

The vesper hour expressed ;

Not e'en did zephyr's breath

Disturb the peaceful scene,

'Twas silence, still as death,

Mild, tranquil, calm, serene.

Melodious, full and clear,
Night's bird now breathed her song,
While on the listening ear
The streamlet stole along;
At intervals, the dove
Her mournful plaint began,
And through the hallowed grove
A soothing murmur ran.

Lines addressed to _____

SMILE, smile, my beloved! for although we have known,
 When fortune's orb beamed on us, happier days,
 Yet, still, with her vanished light, hope has not flown,
 And affection like ours cannot fade with her rays.

Come, smile, my beloved! for ah, though round my breast,
 The gathering shades of affliction are spread,
 Still, still, through their gloom let thy smile be expressed,
 As the sun through a cloud doth its influence shed.

Oh, smile, my beloved! for alas, my sad heart
 Has known nought of late but dejection and grief;
 But oh, were it breaking! thy smile could impart,
 To its perishing pulse, a sweet, 'soothing relief.

Then smile, my beloved! and perchance should a tear

Bedim the mild lustre that graces thine eye,

I'll kiss the fond tribute, to sympathy dear,

And own its impression with gratitude's sigh.

Nay smile, my beloved! with my last dying breath

I'll implore thy kind smile, as a balm to my woes;

'Twill cheer me, my love, on my passage to death,

And yield my departing soul hope of repose.

Ode,

TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.

Ερασμὴ πτελεῖα.

WHITHER, whither, little dove,
 Pretty messenger of love,
 Whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Posting through the bright blue sky,
 While the zephyrs all are sipping
 Perfumes from thy pinions dripping?
 Tell me, tell me, little post,
 Whence thou com'st and whither go'st?

" From Anacreon am I,
 With a billet-doux I fly,
 (Hanging from my leg you see,
 By a band of taffety,)

To a lovely nymph of fashion
Straight to tell his ardent passion.
Once a little canzonet
Did my master write and set,
And as soon as he had penned it,
Did for me to Venus vend it.
All his errands now I go,
Wing the welkin to and fro,
Trailing many a little billet,
Fastened firm with silken fillet ;
Soon he says, he'll set me free,
But I still his slave would be;
No, I'll ne'er his service leave,
While my wings the air can cleave.
Howling deserts, leafless trees,
May the wild-bird's fancy please :
He, content, at cottage doors,
Picks the pittance cast by boors ;
Of my service as the meed,
From Anacreon's hand I feed;

When he sings and when he laughs,
And when merrily he quaffs
Sparkling wine of goodly sort,
Amber sherry, purple port,
In each glass I dip my bill,
Sip, and sip, and sip my fill;
Flap my wings at every joke,
With him mellow, with him soak.
And when after such a dining,
He to dancing seems inclining,
As the time he 'gins to mutter,
Gaily o'er his head I flutter.
Tired, when to his couch he reels,
And while soft sleep his eyelids seals,
Perching on his lofty lyre
I to slumber, too, retire.
This is all, good sir, but why
Do I chatter like a pye!"

On Sympathy.

O, THERE are looks, which like the light
That flashes round the dreary pole,
Can instant shed their lustre bright
Through darkest regions of the soul.

And there are smiles, that seem the spring
Of comfort to the wintry heart ;
Which hope's fresh buds and flowers can bring,
And bid each freezing gloom depart.

Congenial souls these feelings know,
And know that they are waked by thee,—
Thou source of friendship's holy glow,
Divine, mysterious Sympathy.

Yonder they go!

A Hunting Song.

SEE, smiling Aurora peeps over the plains,
 And sheds her mild beams on the morn;
 O'er nature a grateful serenity reigns,
 The huntsman winds sweetly his horn.
 Uncoupled, the merry hounds pant for their prey,
 Their ears brush away the fresh dew;
 To horse, brother sportsmen, to horse and away,
 Tally ho, and tantivy, tally ho!

The high-mettled hunters sweep over the ground,
 Meads, mountains and valleys look gay;
 The mellow-toned bugles exultingly sound,
 And hail the bright goddess of day.
 Sly Reynard's in view, from his cover he flies,
 Tally ho! boys, see, yonder they go!
 "See, yonder they go!" cheering echo replies,
 Tally ho, and tantivy, tally ho!

The Wood Nymph.

A GLEE.

SAY, courteous stranger, have you seen

A wood nymph pass this way?

A blue-eyed maid of youthful mien,

Attired in green array?

A bugle in her hand she bore,

Which cheerfully she blew,

And buskins on her feet she wore,

Impearled with golden dew.

Oft at the blushing break of morn,

She courts this sylvan scene,

And winds her joy-inspiring horn

Melodious o'er the green ;

Responsive echo swells the lay

In loud resounding strains,

And wafts the dying harmony

O'er all the neighbouring plains.

“ A graceful nymph this morn I’ve seen,
 With silver zone displayed,
And as she crossed the flowery plain,
 I hailed the beauteous maid;
Swift as the timid hind she flies,
 When hounds and horns pursue,
And up yon sloping woodland hies
 To join the huntress crew.”

Ode to Spring.

HAIL! to the rosy-footed maid
That comes in vernal garb arrayed,
With smiling eye of heavenly blue,
And dimpled cheek of vermil hue;
With yellow locks that woo the wind,
Or with wild flowers fantastic twined,
In braided wreaths her forehead deck,
Or float upon her snowy neck;
Angelic maid! renew thy blooming reign,
And deck with fresh-sprung flowers the bare and withered
plain.

The thrush, thy herald, perched on high,
 Loudly proclaims thy advent nigh;
 And by the pebbly plash alone,
 The wagtail hops from stone to stone;
 The stream the sailing insect sips;
 His wing the swallow sportive dips;
 Upon the bare, brown hazle trees
 The catkins twinkle to the breeze,
 And oft the bright-haired sun, emerging seen,
 Illumes with radiant stars the moss o'er mantled scene.

More genial glows the lengthened day,
 More potent beams the sunny ray;
 Eurus no more with biting breath
 Broods bleak and shadowy o'er the heath;
 No more the loud winds lash the deep,
 Or o'er the groaning forests sweep;
 No more the whizzing hail is driven
 Athwart the lurid vault of heaven;
 To desert caves beneath the polar sky,
 On dark and wide-stretched wing the wintry demons fly.

The linnet strains his little throat,
The blackbird pours his bolder note,
The mellow bullfinch warbles clear
Respondent music on the ear;
The light-winged lark, as floating high,
Trills sweet his tribute melody;
While from the west, slow stealing o'er the trees,
And fraught with soothing sighs, soft breathes the murmuring breeze.

Concealed within the caverned dell
Sits echo in her vaulted cell,
And quick repeats to all the vale
The lover's softly whispered tale.
Now lists the fancy-stricken mind
To spirits muttering in the wind;
By moonlight, elfin sprites are seen
On tiptoe tripping o'er the green;
While nymphs attendant in Spring's jocund train,
With white and waving wands bound lightly o'er the plain.

Sweet goddess! now vouchsafe to lead
 My footsteps to the dewy mead;
 There let me, from the teeming earth
 View flowerets bursting into birth;
 There let the red-rimmed daisy peep,
 Just waking from his wintry sleep,
 And peering o'er her hidden root,
 Forth let the paly primrose shoot;
 And from the bright blue sky, let fall the while,
 The glistening sunshine shower, gilt by thy golden smile.

The stranger on the bar that plays,
 The letter in the taper's blaze,
 The flame, so luculent, that falls
 Upon the hearth, the floor, the walls,
 (While friendship pours the living lore,
 And round the roof the tempests roar,)
 No more the wintry hours endear,
 Or force from home-felt bliss, the tear;
 But Phœbus' flaming car and fiery wheels
 We watch, as down the west to Neptune's realms he steals.

The lowing herd, the neighing steed,
The waving wood, the spangled mead,
The sparkling brook, whose trembling stream
Reflects the sun's enlivening beam ;
The vivid verdure kindling round,
And wrapping as it runs the ground,
The mingled sweets that Flora pours
From blossomed trees and blooming flowers ;
These with their various charms the senses cheer,
While hope, exulting, marks the promise of the year.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

GODDESS benign! whose bold and watchful eye
Still guards our sea-girt realms of liberty,
Thou who on glory's wing doth ride sublime,
Glancing dismay on every slave-trod clime;
Resplendent, daring, adamantine shield,
Victorious reared in many a well-fought field,
Bright Freedom! genius of Britannia's Isle,
Friend of the brave, upon my offering smile.
And thou, oh Muse! thy votary's task attend,
Fountain of mind, the poet's fervent friend;
Raise each warm thought, exalt each feeble line,
On my wrapped strain, ah! let thine eye-beam shine.

When, late, Misfortune drove her tear-dimmed car
 From the dread regions of yon angry star,
 Foe to the brave, and friendless to the free,
 Her motive, hate,—her object, slavery;
 The warlike race of Albion's envied land
 Felt the dire vengeance of her death-cold wand;
 MOORE the renowned, great NELSON, scourge of France,
 Fell destined victims to her fateful glance;
 Their sun of glory set, more bright to rise,
 To beam eternal in more radiant skies;
 Britannia, drooping, mourned her heroes' doom,
 And decked with cypress wreaths her children's tomb.
 And ah! while feeling finds asylum here,
 Shall FOX from genius draw the tribute tear;
 Lamenting memory tell how oft his mind
 Displayed its boundless powers to aid mankind.
 His heart's warm wish round Freedom's flag was bound;
 Where'er her banner waved, that heart was found.
 His mind was powerful, penetrating, warm,
 Judgment its rule, but genius was its charm;

In stern debate he showed the patriot's might,
 A lion's vigour joined his eagle sight.
 'Twas his with heaven-born science bright to ride,
 And o'er the extended walks of art preside;
 Upraised by fame, he boldly soared on high,
 And on the star of glory fixed his eye;
 His fondest hope on England's greatness placed,
 While freedom reigned sole sovereign of his breast.
 Firm as the Greek, that shook proud Philip's throne,
 Glorious he stood in Freedom's cause, alone;
 The bold design his soaring soul surveyed,
 And ponderous strength with beauty's charm displayed;
 Full on the soul-conviction hurled her light
 In one vast torrent of unmixed delight;
 While radiant truth in all his reasoning shone,
 And independence graced his mental throne.

Oft, generous PRINCE! his manly heart, with thine
 Felt those pure transports drawn from learning's mine;

With thine his bright perfections seemed to blend,
 Thou praised the patriot, and revered the friend;
 Thy future people's freedom saw defined
 In the pure mirror of his steadfast mind.

When France for freedom razed her monarch's throne,
 And sought to make her empire like our own,
 Did Fox oppose her glorious wish to see
 Her children burst the bonds of slavery?
 No; with the thunder of a CHATHAM's tongue,
 With TULLY's art, impressive, keen and strong,
 His piercing mind upheld the sacred plan,
 And shed its lustre o'er the soul of man.

Ye friends to freedom's righteous laws allied,
 Children of truth, your grateful country's pride!
 Say, shall that state which Fox essayed to save,
 Sink by foul faction to oblivion's grave?
 Shall dread confusion o'er these realms prevail,
 Shield the dark arms the traitor's arts conceal?

Shall phrenzy's hand unrein the dragon's form,
Shall fire-eyed discord lord it o'er the storm;
Unhinge all order, chaos raise again,
To curse a second time the sons of men?
Blessed guardian Saint of Albion's far-famed Isle,
Bear thou her shield, and on her councils smile;
Till (reared by thee to conquer and to save)
Britannia's ensigns o'er the world shall wave.

Ode to War.

NURSLING of death, ambition's heir,
Insatiate fiend, fell monster, War !
'Twas rapine reared thy odious form,
Cradled by hate, in terror's storm ;
And as the comet's noxious light
Gleaming from furthest realms of night,
Its pale portentous beams displayed,
And raised o'er earth its baneful head :
Haste, chaos cried, to yonder moving sphere,
And ride supreme in blood, tremendous o'er the year.

Dread Murder's raging steeds appeared,
 Their monster forms in fury reared;
 And as thou yoked them to thy car,
 The flaming dragons pawed the air;
 Destruction's deafening din began,
 And uproar loud through chaos ran;
 With joy each demon hailed the sound,
 While shrieks of woe their clamour crowned;
 With bounding spring the car thou mounted, then
 Dashed through the nitrous clouds to curse the sons of men.

'Twas when mad rage her arm of might
 Opposed to reason's mental weight,
 Thou first appeared with sable shield,
 The sword thy law, thy scene, the field;
 Colossus-like, upraised thou stood,
 Thy haggard tresses dripped with blood;
 While vengeful grasped thy slaughtering hand,
 Deep stained with gore, fate's frightful brand.
 Havoc unreined her steeds, war's cry began,
 And passion ruled supreme the head-strong mind of man.

Demon of death, thou prince of fiends!

Too long thy iron reign extends;

Too long the world has found in thee

A foe to sacred liberty.

Ah! where will end thy dread career?

When, when will heaven-born Peace appear,

With grateful smile and favouring mien,

To bless us with her halcyon reign?

When will infuriate states their folly see,

And bloodshed, war, and misery cease to be!

Wanderings of Fancy.

A FRAGMENT.

HIGH on thy wing upraised in space sublime,
 Bright Fancy, bear me to some genial clime,
 Where airs perfumed with heaven-born sweets abound,
 And nature beams her radiant charms around ;
 Where love resides, to fill with bliss the mind,
 And beauty glows to captivate mankind ;
 Sweet, wandering maid ! my arduous flight inspire,
 Awake to rapturous strains my slumbering lyre ;
 That o'er the world my ardent theme may ring,
 Soft zephyrs waft it, playful echoes sing.

On airy wing, imagination flies
 Wide o'er the regions of the boundless skies ;
 Intent to search the trackless fields of air,
 Beyond the path of every moving sphere.

Pleased on the heights of heaven's expanse to ride,
 And o'er the terrors of the storm preside;
 Or scan the arch the glittering rainbow throws
 High o'er the realms of everlasting snows;
 Till tired with soaring in its high career,
 It darts below, and rests its visions here.

From powerful genius sportive Fancy springs,
 Attends its flight, and round its bosom clings;
 Imbodies beings in her ample eye,
 Where beauty reigns, or stern sublimity.
 Genius arranges modes, and Fancy draws
 Her own conclusions from her various laws;
 Views fashion changing to each wide extreme,
 And gives the glittering nothing form and name;
 By action aids her observation's force,
 Leaves reason here, then wings to heaven her course.

Thus Fancy rules the wavering mind of man;
 Bounds all its prospects with her magic span;

Earth yields its myriads, air its feathered tribes,
And ocean joining, all its race prescribes.
Lost in the labyrinth of so great a whole,
Say, shall my Muse her wondering thoughts control?
Shall dark oblivion's touch her tints invade,
Deface the forms in Fancy's robes arrayed?
Shall dulness dare to check her bold career,
Before her view his darkening visage rear?
Oh! thou prophetic spirit, haste and bring
A pleasing hope on thy seraphic wing;
For boundless lies the way, immense, sublime,
Thy action free, and ample e'en as time;
Creation's stores the pondering mind may scan,
From sightless insects up to lordly man;
From man to angels, angels up to him,
The mighty God of mighty cherubim.

Concentred charms celestial nymphs create,
To grace the dome o'er Fancy's opening gate;

No state excludes the fascinating shapes
 Her beaming pencil from repose awakes;
 No bliss so perfect, greatness so complete,
 But feels delight on Fancy's dreams to wait.
 Th' imperfect state prescribed to man below,
 To sweet contentment proves too oft a foe;
 Leagues with affliction all his peace to kill,
 Then blames his reason for the encumbering ill.
 Life is, alas! but one sad scene of pain,
 Its comforts few, and difficult to gain;
 Learning has doubts, and pleasure's path a sting;
 E'en wisdom soars too oft on folly's wing;
 Then let us range where Fancy's form resides,
 The feast enjoy the favouring nymph provides;
 Seek the bright palace where supreme she reigns,
 Where proud magnificence her sway maintains;
 And view the treasures that attract mankind,
 That pall the wise, but charm the vacant mind;
 Where gold abounds, and diamonds brighter far
 Than the rich lustre of the evening star;

Where Fancy, seated on her dazzling throne,
 Seems the loved idol of this world alone.
 Not eastern genius, nursed with magic lore,
 Not fabled fairies, that can charm no more,
 The golden palace, wrought by perfect skill,
 Elysium gardens more delightful still,
 The pearl cascade, the rose inwoven bower,
 Th' ambrosial fruit-tree and the diamond tower,
 Rich streams of nectar, and the perfumed breeze
 That gentle zephyrs waft from blossomed trees,
 Not these combined, her wonders can convey,
 So rich is Fancy in her boundless sway.

Could reason govern every mind below,
 Delusion soon would find a stubborn foe;
 No longer, Fancy, would thy image rest,
 To soothe the anguish of the dreamer's breast;
 No longer hope would turn her eyes on thee,
 Source of thy rapture in futurity.

Attend thy form in every sportive flight,
 Charm thee to sleep, or wake thee to delight;
 Cold, rigid reason, led too oft astray,
 Wants thy soft converse to beguile her way;
 Lends thee her aid to contemplate on things
 Thy powerful spirit e'en from nothing brings.

Oh, hope! thou social passion, mental friend,
 That life finds constant, e'en to life's last end;
 Solace of youth, the charm of doting age,
 Soother of grief, and counterpoise to rage!
 Mingled with thee, is life's supporting balm,
 That e'en despair's wild agony can calm;
 Thy grateful bliss is felt in every state,
 Where monarchs mourn, or houseless beggars wait;
 Friend to distress, and not to rank inclined,
 Thou stand'st confessed, beloved by all mankind.
 Foe to the past, the present not thy own,
 The future moves thy ardent mind alone;

Still on some soothing bliss, in distant times,
Thy wrapped soul dwells, and every thought sublimes.

Thus abstract pleasures spring from Fancy's stores,
Bright as the charms the lover's heart adores;
The frigid censor bounds his figures here;
While fancy wanders in a wider sphere;
Come then, sweet seraph, raise thy towering wing,
Full on my view creation's wonders bring;
Where suns and planets move in space sublime,
And cast their brilliant light on every clime;
Or draw me close to some harmonious sphere,
The heavenly concord of its joys to hear.
Thy piercing eye can every realm survey,
Where Phœbus shines or Sirius holds its sway;
View the vast plains where busy man resides,
Tears the soft earth, for every want provides;
Builds the strong tower, and shoots to heaven the spire,
Frames the tall ship, and sweeps the quivering lyre.

The giant peak, each cloud-wrapped, alpine hill,
 No more the musing mind with wonder fill;
 'Tis Rome's imperial church, 'tis Paul's plan,
 Draws admiration from applauding man;
 Bright nature's works are every-where complete,
 The wonder, man, so little, still so great.
 'Tis thee, oh heavenly spark! whose thoughts sublime,
 Outstrip in act almost the wings of time;
 By thee conception forms her vast design,
 Chalks out the planet's sphere, the comet's line;
 By thee proportion's swell and beauty's charm,
 Strike the wrapped soul and every feeling warm.
 Whether from NEWTON's piercing mind we see
 The unfathomed track of vast immensity,
 Or list to MILTON's rapture yielding lyre,
 Enjoy the bliss its magic strains inspire;
 Or scan with LOCKE perception's boundless store,
 We feel thy wonderous force, and thee adore.

Forbear awhile thy great creative power,
And mark yon mouldering, time-worn, tottering tower;
Whose opening sides the sun's bright beams display,
Dance through the chinks, then melt in air away;
Whose moss-clad walls and ruined mounds extend
O'er the rude rock, no longer now their friend.
The broken front by towering oaks upstayed,
Whose spreading branches form an opening shade:
With giant strength they bend against the wall,
Seem but to live to see the castle fall.
Steep lies th' ascent upon the western side,
Where the rich, glowing landscape opens wide,
Where nature reigns in all the various shades
That lofty mountains give to woodland glades;
The rural hamlet and the fruitful mead,
The brook meandering by the shepherd's shed;
While opening beauteous to the raptured mind,
Fond Fancy forms fantastic scenes behind.

Ah, what rude cause has laid these bulwarks low,
 Why reigns the owl, where grandeur reared its brow?
 Why, 'mid these domes, by luxury once possessed,
 Stands, as in scorn, the dark-winged raven's nest?
 Why thus defaced, by howling tempests torn,
 Do yon wide arches droop their heads and mourn?
 'Tis tyrant Time's subduing hand alone
 Has bound these turrets in his age-worn zone;
 Swept in his onward course their pride away,
 And doomed their tenants to their native clay.
 Imperial monarch! this we trace from thee,
 Fountain of fear and man's felicity!
 O'er each bright sphere thy powerful laws extend,
 Formed as thou art, wise, perfect, without end;
 From thee, the wide-spread heavens, yon sun, had birth,
 And fair and beauteous sprung the planet earth;
 From thee alone, thy awful state began,
 Mysterious birth, and undefined by man.

Eternal, wise, foreknowing, powerful King,
Still shall my Muse in adoration sing,
While yon vast orbs move round the solar throne,
Eclipsed in splendour by thy form alone.
O'er all their bounds, thy far discerning eyes
Observe what lowly creeps, and soaring flies;
Thy power, comprising all we know that's great,
Sees ponderous, splendid planets move in state;
Majestic floating on the air sublime,
By Sol attracted, warming every clime.
Combining all that forms the vast in size,
To call forth wonder, or awake surprise;
If great designs could be compared with small,
As earth's round centre with the meanest ball,
A faint, dim image might our fancy plan,
From art's ingenious treasures wrought by man;
As when a traveller, from a mountain height,
Sees an illumined city charm his sight,
Domes, spires, and towers, thro' night's dun, sable shade,
In brilliant, bright transparency arrayed,

Joyed he beholds the lamps' resplendent ray
 Diffuse around an artificial day ;
 Thick gathering vapours shortly intervene,
 The magic influence of their lustre screen ;
 Pleased still he gazes as he bends his way,
 Till sunk in shade, their glow-worm lights decay.

Still in thy course, sweet Sylph ! to thee I cling,
 And hang delighted on thy towering wing ;
 Wrapped I behold thy outstretched pinions sweep
 The wide circumference of the unfathomed deep ;
 Hail, powerful ocean ! source of thought sublime,
 Whose wandering waters roll from clime to clime ;
 No isle or kingdom o'er the ample ring
 Of earth's broad breast, but seeks thy praise to sing ;
 Some arm of water o'er their meadows glide,
 Where busy commerce sweeps along its tide ;
 Thy ripening bounty, thy reviving power
 Grateful we feel in every vernal shower ;

From mingled vapours hurried high in air,
The rainbow's bright, prismatic tints appear ;
Or scattered wide, where winds impassioned blow,
Fall down in rain-drops on the fields below ;
Or grown rebellious in the howling sky,
League with the dread storm's fury to destroy.

Wildly now blows the north-wind's wintry air,
Lashing the foam the mountain billows rear ;
In floods incessant falls the drenching rain,
Fierce lightnings flash, dread thunder shakes the main,
Loud shrieks the seaman, louder still the wind,
And night o'er half the world extends its blind ;
Peal follows peal, in loud and deafening roar,
Old ocean groans and rages more and more ;
The wrathful flame heaven's wide expanse illumines,
Darts down its rage, and all below consumes ;
Wide opes the deep, the sloping mountain wave
Down to earth's centre bears old Neptune's cave ;

Alarmed, the dread leviathan appears,
High o'er the wave his bulk enormous rears ;
The burthened waters round the monster form,
He roars with rage, and bellows to the storm.

* * * * *

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"Be still, and know that I am God."

ABSTRACTED from this mortal state,
 With heart reposing, passions still,
 The passive soul, the Increate
 Will mould and fashion to his will.

The way obscured, the thought perplexed,
 No longer shall disturb the mind;
 No more with anxious troubles vexed,
 Nor to complaint nor doubt inclined.

'Tis e'en as when some beauteous height,
 Where shaded bowers of peace arise,
 The pilgrim gains, whence to his sight
 The whole past journey open lies.

All, all is lovely, all is blest ;

Raptured he bends the adoring knee,
And cries, with gratitude impressed,
“ My Father, I was led by thee ! ”

Yonder the untrod future lies ;
The mists of time are thick above ;
But faith's all-penetrating eyes
Behold enough for truth and love.

The spacious domes, the splendid towers,
The palaces beyond the skies,
Where light its fullest radiance pours,
Oh, how they charm his longing eyes.

For there's his home,—his wished-for home,
Where his best friends and kindred dwell ;
There, once arrived, he ne'er shall roam,
And never say again farewell.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

Right Honourable William Pitt.

WHILE truth displays where falsehood's mists began,
 And genuine merit proves the friend of man,
 Their powerful claims Britannia's voice shall raise,
 To stamp the basis of the patriot's praise;
 Cease, faction, cease to point your slanders here,
 The tomb's cold, mouldering tenant feels no fear;
 Its gloom is sacred; candour sure would scorn
 To plant by virtue's mound dark censure's thorn;
 Yet vain the hope by truth's bright path to find
 An easy access to the stubborn mind;
 Where night's dull monarch sits in shade supreme,
 Of worth regardless, foe to merit's claim;
 Condensing objects in its own small sphere,
 Thinks but to dream, and dreams to be severe;

Its judgment hostile to extensive views,
 And e'er in little every scheme pursues ;
 Shuns the warm radiance beamed from wisdom's throne,
 And rests its eye on cloud and gloom alone ;
 Ah ! purblind man, leave wisdom's light alone,
 To make the paths of folly all thine own ;
 'Tis not in dulness, genius bright to see
 In the bold flights of true sublimity ;
 Nor partial faction, adverse worth to find,
 E'en though with purity of soul combined ;
 Famed heir of CHATHAM's intellectual store,
 The Muse laments thy genius warms no more ;
 Endowed with talents eloquently great,
 Thy mind the bulwark proved to England's fate.
 When frantic Gallia, lost to sense of shame,
 Immersed her freedom in a senseless name,
 Essayed with slavery's lengthened chain to bind
 The only nation free among mankind,
 With patriot power of mental zeal thou strove
 The baneful influence of her schemes to prove ;

Bold and unmoved at England's helm thou sat,
The pride, the hope, the safeguard of the state;
Though faction pauses to applaud thy name,
Withholds the meed thy memory well may claim,
Yet future times shall PITT's pure views confess,
His honoured name shall unborn Britons bless;
When history's page, framed by impartial hands,
Unfolds its truths, and each foul faction brands;
Then will a period, glorious as his own,
Stand in the annals of the world alone.

Lines addressed to a Brother Poet.

FRIEND of the song! accept my favourite lay;
 'Tis bliss to write the peevish spleen away.
 No more my Muse of sweet contentment sings;
 The pang of penury to my bosom clings.
 E'en now a churlish dun assails my door;
 Grim as the grave, tremendous to the poor.
 Ah, what avails the intellectual trade!
 Its works divine, its sons in rags arrayed;
 If scorn and famine haunt the poet's home,
 How near his fate is verging to the tomb.
 Hard is the task to please each rigid fool,
 Children in taste, and outcasts of the school;
 Condemned to feel the lash, where fame should give
 The bays immortal and the means to live.
 In vain my thoughts essay to heights sublime,
 To dare where MILTON soared, is deemed a crime.

Or should my Muse to softer themes aspire,
 Vainly I strive to tune the Sapphian lyre.
 If smooth my numbers run, harmonious pause,
 I copy POPE, or write by DRYDEN's laws.
 Condemned alike, if light or darkness reigns,
 So hard my lot, so hopeless are my pains.
 Departed friends to genius, glance below,
 Shield the poor author from the critic's blow;
 Teach wealth the way to tune the poet's lyre,
 To sing—to eat—is all he dares desire;
 No costly garments e'er his state displayed,
 The tailor calls before the coat is made;
 Parnassian fire alone his system warms,
 Shields his lank body from the north-wind's arms.
 In times so dread, dear brother, as our own,
 Say, is it strange that genius seems unknown.
 When every fool pollutes the Aonian springs,
 Writes like an ass, and judges as he sings;
 Where terms for substance stand the test of art,
 And fustian drives its nonsense to the heart;

Where science groans beneath inductions rude,
Sprung up from folly, singular and crude;
Assertion's trash for demonstration's truth,
Proves the sole learning of our rising youth;
Cease, brother, cease thy soul-inspiring pen;
We sing to feeble children—not to men;
Why waste thy mental powers, thy corporal frame
In sad pursuit of that vain phantom, fame!

Sweetness.

FROM beauty's bright and dazzling throne,

When sweetness beams benign,

Its radiant, irresistible charms

With milder lustre shine.

This mental beam dilates the heart,

And sparkles in the face ;

It harmonizes every thought,

And heightens every grace.

There all the sprightly powers of wit

In blithe assemblage play ;

There every social virtue sheds

Its intellectual ray.

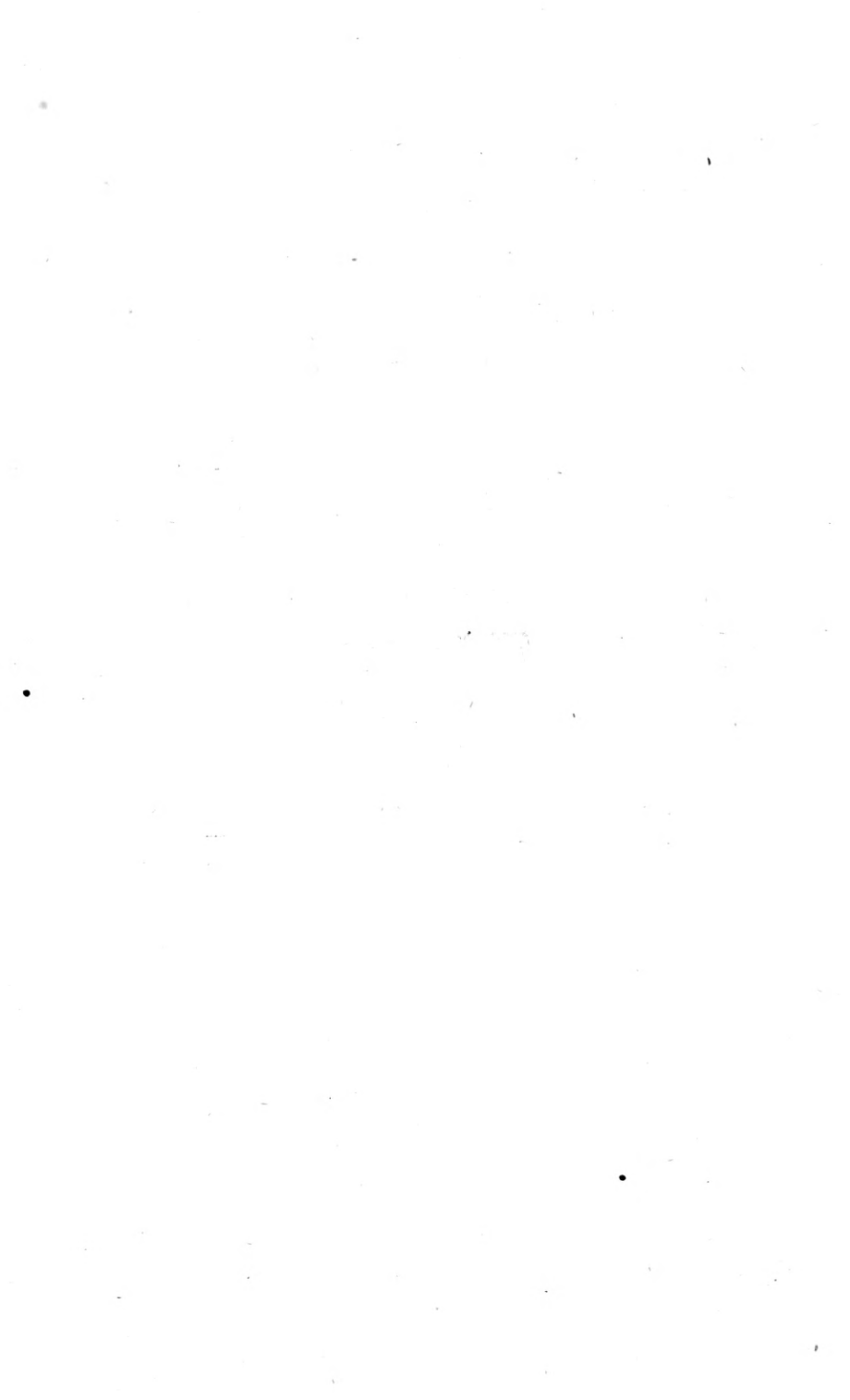
E'en, as the sun's refulgent light
Heaven's wide expanse illumines,
With sovereign splendour through the soul
Celestial sweetness shines.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
Where melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
The dreary gloom dispels.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,
A thousand virtues glow ;
A smiling train of joys appear,
And endless blessings flow.

Almighty love exerts his power,
And spreads, with secret art,
A soft sensation through the frame,
A transport through the heart.

Wallace.



ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR the following portraiture of Wallace, I have no apology to offer, unless I may be allowed to plead, that, purposing to describe the romantic scenery of Castlane Craigs, the associations to which it gave rise insensibly led me to a length I did not originally intend.

The enthusiasm to which a subject of this description stimulates the mind, is naturally calculated to call forth a wide expansion of corresponding ideas; which, it will be obvious, must be partially governed by the sentiments of preceding writers. Perhaps no country abounds with more striking subjects, for poetical description, than Scotland; and probably no situation is more peculiarly calculated to awaken sublime emotions, than Castlane Craigs; the cradle (if I may be allowed the expression) of Scottish liberty.

The same general observations will also apply to the exalted virtues that pertain to the character of the renowned Wallace. If, in combining these traits, I have encroached upon the thoughts of any living or departed author, let me state in apology, that no intention has existed on my part to imitate those who have trodden in the same path before me. I am not aware that any author is debarred from delineating nature and character agreeably to his own impressions of them, as the same scenes and incidents, with different individuals, occasion an interesting variety of imagery and sentiment.

The notes appended to the Poem, are such only as I thought absolutely necessary for the elucidation of several passages, and are collected from the most obvious sources of information. Perhaps in the whole mystery of authorship, there is nothing more easy to the writer, or more tiresome to the reader, than a parade of learned illustration. In the Poem, I shall trespass sufficiently upon the patience of the reader, and I am therefore unwilling to increase my danger by a tedious extension of the notes.

Wallace.

OFT, Castlane, have I loved to climb
Amid thy towering cliffs sublime,
Or cast enraptured glance around
From the dark yawning gulf profound,
Where thy wild river's utmost force
Scarce wins its devious, deepening course;
Oft marked the mountain's rifted side
Profusely decked in sylvan pride,
With every hardy shrub below,
Where keen Baronald's breezes blow:
The birch declined its weeping head,
The mountain ash its berries red

Glanced to the sun, which oft betrayed
The quivering aspen's varied shade.
Tall oaks, the patriarchs of the wood,
Hid in deep gloom the labouring flood;
Casting their giant shadows rude
Athwart the gloomy solitude.
The pine-tree reared its towering head,
Firm rooted in its rocky bed,
Securely heard with high disdain
The angry tempest rave in vain;
As far beneath, unseen the while,
The field-flower bloomed with modest smile;
The violet shed its rich perfume,
Unnoticed through the silent gloom;
The woodbine and the hawthorn pale
Scattered their fragrance on the gale;
The frequent globe-flower only bold,
Upreared its gaudy crest of gold.
Each winding teemed with new delight;
New wonders met the ravished sight;

Where'er some cliff's huge pinnacle
 O'erhung its base and hid the vale,
 An answering chasm, indented deep,
 Yawned to the dark projecting steep ;
 Marking the shattered rifted rock,
 Torn by primeval earthquake shock ;
 The solid mass asunder rent,
 To give the imprisoned whirlwind vent ;
 Now dark with wood, with lichens gray,
 It mocks the sunbeam's glancing ray.

Yet, Castlane, not the solemn shades
 Imbrowning thy romantic glades,
 Not the huge cliffs around thee hurled,
 Bulwark thy beauties from the world ;
 Not thy wild river's foaming tide,
 Nor all the flowers that deck its side,
 Can chase the thoughts that crowd my brain,
 And people fancy's boundless reign ;

For memory, eagle pinioned, bears
My mind to "days of other years;"
And in thy solemn shades, I greet
Indignant Freedom's last retreat;
What time the BALIOL and the BRUCE
Made with fell EDWARD fatal truce;
Content to wear a vassal crown,
And tremble at a tyrant's frown;
Who stood with fraud and force prepared
To seize the tempting spoil, and dared
The liberty of Scotland clasp
In fierce oppression's iron grasp.
Her towns destroyed, her towers subdued,
Her smoking ruins slaked in blood;
Her noblest chiefs despairing fled,
Or numbered with the silent dead,
Called curses on the tyrant's head;
Nor called in vain; for thy deep shade,
Castlane, concealed a nation's aid;

The spark of that celestial fire
 That blazed in unextinguished ire,
 As valour fought for liberty
 Till Scotland once again was free :
 Thine, WALLACE, to avenge her sighs,
 And bid thy prostrate country rise.

Unconquered chief! this silent dell
 Has heard thy heart's indignant swell,
 As rapine oft, with bloody brand,
 Urged war and havoc through the land.
 E'en now, methinks, I well might see
 The gallant laird of Ellerslie,
 And pacing round with silent tread,
 The shadows of the mighty dead ;
 A chosen few, whose dauntless spears
 Repaid with blood their country's tears.
 Oft on Baronald's echoes borne,
 The blast of WALLACE patriot horn

Called them to join the gallant knight
 Who fought for Scotland's injured right;
 And while its rocks the note prolonged,
 Eager around the hero thronged
 Undaunted valour, spotless faith,
 And patriot zeal that mocked at death.
 Alone they stood, an outlawed band,
 Prepared to snatch, with desperate hand,
 Fair freedom's wreath, and speed the blow
 With ready vengeance on the foe.

And much had fallen Scotland need
 Of such unlooked, unhopèd for aid;
 For she had sent her bravest forth,
 The plaided chieftains of the North;
 To stem the tide of southern war,
 They fought and perished at Dunbar;
 Alas, in vain! for on it rolled,
 The power of EDWARD'S sword, or gold,

Held sceptre of usurped command,
 Unrivalled o'er the vanquished land.
 From gentle Tweed's romantic side
 To utmost Pentland's storm-swept tide,
 From dark Hebudes' western wave
 To where Germania's billows rave;
 A few, preferring wealth and shame,
 To freedom and a glorious name,
 Leagued with their foes, and strove amain
 To forge their hapless country's chain :
 And as the meed of recreant guile,
 Basked in the king's contemptuous smile.
 The tyrant grimly might survey,
 Like falcon hovering o'er his prey,
 Slavery and rapine far and wide
 Insult a gallant nation's pride :
 And well might hapless Scotland mourn
 Her slaughtered youth, her banners torn,
 Her cities sacked, her plains despoiled,
 Her holiest fanes with blood defiled ;

Mute lay the land ; the fiery breath
 Of freedom's war was quenched in death ;
 And scarce was heard the stifled groan
 For Scotland's glory past and gone.
 Oppression stalked with giant stride,
 While Want and Famine, by his side,
 Poured o'er the desolated path
 The vials of a conqueror's wrath ;
 And Castlane, 'mid thy craigs alone,
 Fair freedom reared her tottering throne.

Just heaven looked down with pitying eye
 In Scotland's worst extremity ;
 Fore-doomed to heal his country's woes,
 And give her bleeding wounds repose,
 Her last, best bulwark, WALLACE rose.
 Ah, turn on him thy tearful glance,
 And rouse thee from thy death-like trance ;
 Scotia, thy wrongs his soul can feel,
 And vengeance points his patriot steel.

The careless victors slept secure,
Deeming their helpless quarry sure ;
Heedless that scorn and insult urge
A people to the farthest verge
Of meek forbearance ; that despair
May drown the feeble voice of fear,
May prompt to deeds of high emprise,
And rouse a nation's energies.
In lawless power and rapine bold,
Unheard the distant thunder rolled ;
Dark and more dark obscured the sky,
And spoke the deep convulsion nigh ;
Yet dull with sleep, or drenched in wine,
Th' unconscious victors slept supine ;
As big with death, the tempest dread
Its volumes vast around them spread ;
Till from its lurid womb of fire
Burst the red bolt of Scotland's ire :
So sacred records tell, that he,
The guilty seer of Nineveh,

Reckless of danger, sunk to sleep,
While God's own whirlwind swept the deep.

Vain may my song essay to paint,
With pencil weak and colours faint,
How burned with rage each swarthy cheek,
And grief that language ne'er might speak;
How every heart's indignant groan
Mourned the fair fame of Scotland gone;
As WALLACE to the loyal flew,
Whom EDWARD's power could ne'er subdue,
Recounted every deed of shame
Of Ormesby and of Cressingham,
Against their bleeding country's right,
Prostrate beneath a tyrant's might.
But when he showed the scanty host,
That Scotland was not wholly lost,
While Castlane's friendly rock and wood
Shrouded the brave who round him stood;

With gesture proud, and spirit high,
And warning voice of prophecy,
Explained to every warrior true,
What patriot valour yet might do ;
Proved from the stores of lettered time
That vengeance followed hard on crime,
Taught them what ills from slavery flow,
That sufferance meek provokes the blow,
That but one choice becomes the brave,
Or freedom, or a glorious grave,
Placed in full view their valour's prize,
A prostrate nation's liberties,
And bade his gallant friends prepare
To rouse their sleeping foes, and scare
Oppression from his bloody lair!
Each patriot heart, each patriot eye
Caught the pure flame of sympathy.
One universal cry arose,
The death-peal of their southern foes ;

Snatched from its sheath, each glittering blade
Glanced lightning through the gloomy shade,
And ne'er might chivalry afford
A deed more worthy hero's sword ;
That sword which sacred freedom draws
To aid a fallen country's cause.
High beat each heart, no place was there
For purpose cold, or recreant fear ;
And, Castlane, loud thine echoes rang
With martial shout and trumpet clang,
As forth beneath the leading hand
Of WALLACE, sped the warrior band.

How vain the hope that mortal sight
Should trace the soaring eagle's flight ;
And vainly would my feeble verse
The tale of wonder well rehearse,
As proudly o'er its southern foes
The sun of Scottish glory rose ;

Burst through obscuring mist, and shed
 O'er lowly dale and mountain head,
 O'er Frith and continent and isle,
 The stranger joy of freedom's smile;
 Yet may I mark from rearward far
 The infant march of patriot war;
 See brandished blade and waving plume,
 And eye of fire and brow of gloom,
 And proudly borne, the forward spear
 Of WALLACE point the bright career.

Silent and soft the moon-beams fell
 On rampart huge and pinnacle,
 Where high Dumbarton's rocky side,
 Enthroned amidst majestic Clyde,
 Proudly o'erlooked the subject deep,
 That idly chafed its giddy steep.
 Softly they slept, and glanced away
 To kiss the surge's murmuring spray;

Shining with lustre mildly bright,
In trembling floods of silver light.
'Twas silence all; no sound arose
To break the stillness of repose;
Fearless of ill, no step was heard
Of sentry pacing on his guard;
The warder slumbered at his post,
No eye discerned the coming host,
As WALLACE with his gallant band
Of patriots, sought the lonely strand,
And saw the frowning fortress lave
Its shadows in the passing wave.
Well might its proud defences mock
Such scanty force, such feeble shock;
But ne'er was deed of glory wrought,
More wisely planned, more nobly fought;
And its proud host, unused to fear,
Dreamed not that vengeance ambushed near.

Cautious and slow the warriors sped,
With struggling breath and noiseless tread,
O'er steepy cliff and fragment wild,
And shattered rock, fantastic piled;
Striving to win their upward bent,
Where rampart huge and battlement
Hemmed in the flower of England's might,
Unconscious of the coming fight.
O, if one stumbling warrior's grasp
The guiding battle-axe unclasp,
If but one falling gauntlet sound
In echoes from the rocky ground,
If but one warder's thirsty ear
Should drink the sounds of coming fear,
The dazzling hope is instant o'er,
And Scotland sinks to rise no more;
Though purpose firm and courage high
Resolve to vanquish or to die.
But all unheard the warriors stood,
Beneath the ramparts vast and rude,

With still and steady hand applied
The ladders to its lofty side,
And soon with desperate step essayed
The perils of the escalade.
“ Blow, warder, blow thy bugle blast,
Some daring foe climbs fierce and fast!”
Loudly its echoes rang around
And roused the sleepers from the ground :
Then slogan shout and mortal shock
Of warriors, rent the embattled rock ;
And clamour wild and uproar loud,
Like burst of midnight thunder-cloud ;
Fierce and more fierce the doubtful jar
Rose like the voice of nature’s war ;
And many a deed of arms was done,
Which, wrought before the conscious sun,
Had lived eternal, borne along
To deathless fame in poet’s song.
But WALLACE, where the battle’s weight
Repelled awhile the tide of fate,

Rushed on his foemen from the wall,
Like his own Clyde's impetuous fall:
And ill might southern numbers hope
With his victorious arm to cope.
In serried phalanx deep and slow,
Retired at first th' imperious foe ;
But fear and terror soon succeed,
And urge them on with eager speed ;
And hasty rout and shameful flight
Disgraced the chiefs of England's might ;
Uncaring all but worthless life,
They fled afar the glorious strife ;
Nor till the towers of Stirling rose,
Looked backward on their fiery foes.
Let proud oppression rave in vain,
For ransomed Scotland bursts her chain.
And mark on high her banner brave
Triumphant o'er old Glota's wave,
Proudly unfurl its folding free
Fanned by the gales of liberty.

Swift as the breath of ocean's gale,
Flew far and wide the glorious tale,
And swifter still and still more loud
Burst forth old Scotland's spirit proud ;
Despair and terror wildly fled,
And valour reared his drooping head ;
Each chief whom patriot love inspired,
Whom hate of southern rapine fired,
Burned to revisit on the foe
His past disgrace, his country's woe.
Each sylvan shade, each secret glen
Poured forth its hordes of armed men ;
Each gloomy cavern teemed with life,
With warriors panting for the strife.
To freedom's signal Lenox ran,
And stormy Alpine's mountain clan,
Forgot awhile the fiery feud,
The savage thirst of mutual blood,
And side by side in battle stood.

Each onward march, each coming day
Swelled the bold band to vast array;
Till Scotland's patriot sons supplied
A gallant army's strength and pride;
Like mountain stream, with feeble flow
When first it seeks the vale below,
Till gathering in its onward course
Each headlong torrent's rapid force,
It rolls a river broad and brave,
Resistless to the ocean wave.
I follow not the leader bold
To every field and every hold,
Where Scottish bow and Scottish brand
Repaid the spoilers of the land;
I follow not his glorious way
From Clyde to Forth, from Tweed to Spey,
Though vengeance urged his rapid car,
And victory sped the bolt of war;
Though every mountain's beetling side
Mocked at oppression's refluent tide,

Till wildly o'er the Cheviots blue
 The scattered hosts of England flew.
 But say, will EDWARD's power and pride,
 Defeated thus, and thus defied,
 Say, will that valour fierce and high,
 That quelled the paynim chivalry,
 Whose power of terror could appal
 The banded strength of haughty Gaul,
 Whom fiery Cambria twice subdued,
 And wild Hibernia ill withstood ;
 Will he resign the tempting prey,
 And call his legions far away ?
 Will he retire and tamely yield
 Hope of another glorious field ?
 Ah ! what is that, the fitful glare
 That flashes through the troubled air,
 What may it be, the dazzling gleam,
 From mountain lake and lowland stream ?
 By WARRENE led, a mighty host
 Has once again the border crossed ;

O'er helm and spear, and banner high,
 And mailed pride of chivalry,
 The wanton sun-beams glance and fly.
 The ravaged lands in ruin laid,
 Lament the woes of southern raid,
 And blazing towns proclaim afar
 The fateful march of EDWARD'S war.

Scarce wins its way the toiling mass
 Through torrent wild and narrow pass,
 Till Forth's dull waters idly flow,
 And Stirling rears its crested brow ;
 And far beyond, the Grampians high
 In frowning grandeur pierce the sky.
 But where, in this tremendous hour,
 Is threatened Scotland's patriot power?
 Where is the chief, whose arm of might
 May pierce the thickest ranks of fight?
 Whose guiding hand and steady eye,
 May lack of numbers well supply ?

Near Cambus-kenneth's sacred fane,
The hero fires his warrior train ;
Points them to valour's glorious meed,
And Saxon myriads soon to bleed.
While England toils with effort brave,
To stem dark Forth's opposing wave,
Let Scotland charge with desperate haste,
Ere half the struggling host be passed.
'Tis done: less swiftly Etna's breath
Rolls to the vale its tide of death,
Or Alpine avalanche thunders down
Wide ruin from its mountain throne ;
The fiery onset England feels,
And wide her fainting vaward reels ;
Another charge ! and Scotland's wrath
Tracks deep in blood her onward path ;
And shameful flight and pallid fear
Urge back the foemen's wild career.
But ill may Forth's broad wave afford
A refuge from the victor's sword.

For sinking knight and struggling horse
Choke the dark river's gloomy course.
The leopard flies with foot of wind,
Th' avenging lion toils behind ;
And few of all king EDWARD's pride
May hope to gain the border side.

Unknown to me the lofty reed
That swells the praise of warrior deed ;
Unknown to me the descant high
That sounds the note of victory ;
But 'grateful Scotland's loud acclaim
Has pealed her great deliverer's name,
And yielded to his patriot hand
The Regent's sceptre of command.
Then rose her people's halcyon day,
And beamed her sun's unclouded ray.
Changed to the flow of summer rill,
That idly trickles from the hill,

Rapine forgot his deafening roar,
And ruthless war was heard no more.
Then Plenty stretched her blooming reign,
O'er waving fields of golden grain ;
With ripened harvests blessed the soil,
And well repaid the peasant's toil.
The sister arts, in mild array,
Smiled on the chief's paternal sway ;
And once again fair Liberty
Led through the land her train of joy.

But haughty England now must feel
The dreaded force of Scottish steel ;
By WALLACE led, a bloody raid
The debt of vengeance well repaid,
For sword, and bill, and blazing brand,
Spread havoc through Northumberland ;
And Durham saw, with pale affright,
The wasting war-fire's ruddy light
Thwarting the sable gloom of night,

Albin, dear land of patriot worth!
Who badst those gallant souls go forth;
Lives there within thy wide domain,
(Th' eternal throne of freedom's reign,)
Lives there one wretch whose sordid soul
Can harbour thought of treason foul;
Whose dastard spirit may not dare
The perils of his country's war,
Yet prompt in guilt, in treachery bold,
Would sell his land for foreign gold?
Who writhes beneath the unceasing smart
Of rankling envy's barbed dart?
Albin, alas, no single name,
Consigned to everlasting shame,
Must the indignant song proclaim:
For many a chief, whose sires, in blood,
Had oft their country's cause made good,
Whose hardy followers well might stand
"A wall of fire" around the land;

And many a broad and bright claymore,
Stained in old time with southern gore,
Conspire to pierce the loyal breast
That gave their bleeding country rest.
And thou, loved Scotland's firmest friend,
Danger and death thy steps attend;
The work of patriot valour done,
Thy glorious course is well nigh run;
While ravaged England's northern pride
Trembles before thy warrior stride,
Treason and envy, hate and guile,
Are leagued to blight the glorious toil.
No more thy arm of might shall wield,
For Scotland's cause, in battle field,
Her delegated sword,—no more
Thy council guide her to the shore,
In peril's dark and dreary hour,
When storms assail and tempests lower.

Dear land! how low thy glories lie,
 How dimmed thy splendid destiny!
 With anchor lost, and tackling riven,
 And helmsman from his station driven,
 How wilt thou bide the wrath of heaven?
 Where wilt thou turn thy streaming eye,
 What other help or hope is nigh?
 Since he, the chief whom both supplied,
 No longer shields thy widowed side:
 Domestic treasons round thee wait,
 And EDWARD's march of blood and fate.
 Wild o'er thy hapless bosom flies,
 Like hurricane across the skies.
 Again the arm of wrath is bared,
 Slavery and chains again prepared;
 England shall right her deadliest foe,
 But, Scotland, thou must feel the blow.

 Oh, WALLACE, for thy guiding hand,
 To marshal well her feeble band!

O, for thy sword-sway once again,
 Fiercely to flame in Scotland's van!
 It may not be; thy simple might
 Can ne'er restore the fainting fight;
 Nor may it hope thy single spear
 To check the reflux tide of fear;
 Proud o'er the field with carnage strewed,
 Victorious EDWARD rides in blood.
 Echo rough Carron's billows hoarse,
 The ceaseless splash of sinking corse;
 Treason has bowed his crest of pride,
 By the dark river's wave-worn side,
 Where Scotland fled, and GRAHAM died.
 Yet still must EDWARD inly dread,
 Though Victory waves her pinion red
 Around his brow, for Scotland ne'er
 Will tamely yield in mute despair,
 While breathes the man, whose spirit bold
 May yet her sinking cause uphold;
 While life's warm pulses man the frame
 That dreads no evil but her shame.

Fired by the hate that tyrants know,
Such hate as ne'er forgave a foe,
England's fierce king has meanly sped
His rage against the patriot's head;
Proscribed and doomed the death of shame,
And branded with a traitor's name,
He flies the social halls of men,
For haunted cave or trackless glen.

“ Deserted at his utmost need,”
Where shall the warrior hide his head?
What pitying chief, what faithful Clan
Shall dare protect an outlawed man?
What friendly portal shall expand
To shield him from the murderer's hand?
As thus afflicted and bereaved,
He roams the realm his valour saved?
Shrouded in Castlane's deepest gloom,
He shuns awhile the threatened doom:

Perchance the cliffs that echoing round
Rang to his earliest bugle sound,
As wending forth with purpose high,
Hope's cheering visions met his eye;
Those cliffs may shelter yet extend,
To him who comes without a friend.
Ah no! the messengers of blood
Have chased him from his solitude;
Urge, WALLACE, urge thy flying race,
For murder holds thee hard in chase.

But may it be the slavish dread
Of death that wings the fiery speed?
Fearest thou to perish with the brave,
Fearest thou to fill a hero's grave?
No; the fond hope that some bright day
Thine arm shall yet in battle-fray
Uphold thy country's righteous strife,
Gives value to thy hunted life.

For Scotland's wrong and woe alone,
 Bursts from thy heart th' indignant groan!
 'Tis patriot valour prompts to fly,
 'Twere cowardice to stop and die.
 But swiftly rolls the murky night
 Shall dim with blood this vision bright;
 Quench in despair the hopes that spread
 Their rainbow hues around thy head,
 Drowning fond fancy's idle breath
 In pang and agony of death.

Yet though the toils are spread around,
 Though fiery bloodhound tracks the ground,
 One refuge, sure, may still be found;
 One friendly hall, one safe retreat,
 May yet the wandering warrior greet.
 In peril's worst extremity,
 MENTEITH's dark towers are rising nigh;
 There may their sympathizing lord
 Shelter and welcome long afford;

There may thy friend of earliest youth
 Approve again his love and truth,
 He who has shared a hero's heart
 Will surely scorn a traitor's part;
 Will ne'er a tyrant's hest obey,
 Will ne'er his country's hope betray.

O, for one moment's shadowy glance
 Of gifted seer's extatic trance!
 O, for one moment's converse high
 With the dark forms of destiny!
 One rapid trace of mystic lore
 To point, e'er Hope shall smile no more,
 The ambushed ruin lurk before!
 It may not be; the mighty hand
 That rules the world, brave chief, has spanned
 Thy glorious course: to Him alone
 The rolls of unborn time are known.
 The smile that shrouds designing foul,
 Has lured thine unsuspecting soul;

Friendship is in the traitor's face,
 But ruin in his false embrace :
 Thy foot has trod his castle halls,
 Hope flies, and fate's dark curtain falls.

Well mayst thou judge thy royal foe
 Will neither ruth nor pity show :
 Relentless EDWARD never knew
 Pity to patriot warrior due.
 He brands thee with a rebel's name,
 And thou must die the death of shame.
 The bravest spirit sinks to rest
 That ever warmed e'en Scottish breast ;
 WALLACE, thy struggling death pang o'er,
 Thou tread'st, at length, the happy shore
 Where war and woe shall rage no more ;
 Where lawless might shall ne'er intrude,
 Nor lust of power, nor thirst of blood.
 Yon groan of pity peals thy knell,
 Scotland's illustrious hope, farewell !

The work of butchery is done ;
 Yet tremble, tyrant, on thy throne ;
 For the red fields of slaughter yet
 Shall well repay old Scotland's debt.
 Th' unkingly deed shall England mourn,
 In tears of blood, at Bannockburn ;
 And groans of agony shall pierce
 The silence of thy marble hearse ;
 When on thy son shall burst the ire
 That pays, with retribution dire,
 The murders of his guilty sire ;
 When BERKLEY's conscious roofs shall ring
 The death-shriek of a slaughtered king.

But O, what guilt is thine, MENTEITH !
 Recreant to knighthood, honour, faith ;
 How shall th' indignant song pursue
 Thy crime with retribution due ?
 Sorrow and shame of heart attend
 The wretch who could betray his friend ;

That friend, his sinking country's prop,
Her pride, her safety, and her hope;
Live on, deserted and forlorn;
Live on, to prove the hate and scorn
Of every Scot whose upright soul
Swells at a deed of blood so foul.
Then die without one kindred tear,
One sigh to sanctify thy bier.
And at thy last unpitied doom,
Hope not to fill a nameless tomb;
For bards, in all succeeding time,
Shall tell thy shame and sound thy crime.

And thou, loved land, so long the prey
To England's guilty lust of sway;
Loved land of daring bold and high,
Of beauty, truth and courtesy!
Land of the generous and the wise,
And warrior fierce as stormy skies

That sweep o'er Morven's hills of might,
Or torrent bursting from their height;
Loved land, no longer mourn; thy name
Shall fill the foremost ranks of fame.
Weep'st thou to see thine hero die?
No common grief bedims thine eye;
Yet chiefs of power shall soon succeed
To emulate his warrior deed;
Give, then, thy sacred sorrows truce;
Th' avenging angel lives in BRUCE.
His star at Bannockburn shall rise,
Presage of future victories;
And swiftly speeds the festal day,
When grief's dark form shall melt away
Like snow-flake in the sunny ray;
When Britain's diadem shall shine
On brow of Scotland's royal line;
When hands long red with mutual gore,
Shall urge the work of death no more;

When merry England's foes shall feel
 The red claymore's avenging steel,
 And southern valour freely bleed
 For Albin in her hour of need.

And through the lapse of future years,
 Methinks I mark their kindred spears
 Flaming along the threatened strand,
 Where Tagus laves his golden sand:
 . . . I view them side by side
 Beneath St. George's red cross ride,
 (Each gallant nation's hope and pride;)
 Nor shall their might uphold in vain
 Thy righteous cause, insulted Spain;
 Conquest their onward march shall cheer,
 And smiling freedom close the rear;
 Ever to prostrate nations nigh,
 Britain has heard thy suppliant sigh;
 Her gallant sons shall guard thy side,
 Her blood shall flow in ample tide,

Just heayen shall nerve each arm of might,
That combats for thy injured right:
And yon fierce chief, whose lawless sway
The abject slaves of Gaul obey;
Whose breath has kindled wide and far
The wasting flames of guilty war;
Yon bloody chief may ne'er enslave
The land that Britain fights to save;
'Tis graved in heaven's unchanged decree,
" Insulted Spain shall yet be free."

Yet why should friendship's sacred smile
Conceal such deep, such deadly guile?
While prompt to blood, with smothered pride,
And brow of peace, his myriads ride.
Will no awakening voice impart
The treason lurking in his heart?
Sound through the land in echoes shrill,
And bid it meet the coming ill?

Why, in its wrath, has righteous heaven
To Spain's weak king such blindness given?
Why do her chiefs, a monstrous brood,
Drench the dear land with native blood,
Yield her unmoved, a tyrant's prey,
And pander to his lust of sway?
Grim may the foe of nations smile,
To see the lion in the toil,
As wide his banner floats around,
O'er battled wall and tented ground;
Not ruthless EDWARD's gloating eye
Might Albin's prostrate land espy,
With half such dark, malignant joy.
No longer friendship's flimsy veil
The mighty treachery may conceal;
Spain must receive a foreign lord,
Whose trade is blood, whose law's the sword.

But hark, what mean those deafening cries!

What warlike clamour rends the skies?

'Tis Spain that bursts her bonds of shame,
Like flaxen band in fiercest flame,
Rings in mine ear the thundering cry
For vengeance, death, or victory.
From old Cordova's Moorish tower,
It floats o'er Gallia's captive power;
Round Zaragoza's leaguered wall,
Her boldest chiefs ignobly fall,
And feel, in many a conflict dire,
The dreaded force of patriot ire.
From stormy Biscay's ceaseless roar,
To utmost Calpe's rocky shore,
From the wild ocean's western tide,
To that dread field where ROLAND died,
Through old Iberia's ample bound,
The shouts of Freedom's war resound.
Not with more valour Scotland's pride
Her fell invader's arm defied;
More sternly felt the conflict dread,
More fiercely fought, more nobly bled.

Full many a dark, disastrous day,
Shall freedom toil in battle-fray ;
Full many a field of death disclose,
To injured Spain, her mighty woes.
Her ruined towns in ashes lie,
The foeman keeps her castles high,
How may she hope for victory ?
'Tis not the tower's embattled side,
'Tis not the pomp of cities wide,
That forms a gallant nation's might,
But warriors armed for Freedom's fight ;
Resolved to win a glorious name,
Or perish in the field of fame.
And seldom braver hearts have beat
In battle-line, when heroes meet.

Let not the wrongs thy children share,
Sink thee, dear land, in tame despair ;

Thy star shall yet, with cloudless ray,
Point to some bright, some happier day,
When patriot vengeance claims its hour,
And lawless rapine owns its power.
Some hero yet shall burst thy chain,
The hero of insulted Spain.
Like him, some chief shall yet arise,
To wield thy mighty energies;
Some native BRUCE the battle turn,
When Spain shall have her Bannockburn.
Europe shall see, with wondering eye,
The baffled eagles backward fly,
And starting from her dream of fear,
Lay hand on the avenging spear.
Kindled in Spain, the living fire
Shall blaze in conflagration dire,
Till all the nations catch the flame,
And emulous of former fame,

Rush on amid the battle's roar,
Through slippery fields of hostile gore;
Nor in the glorious effort pause,
(For heaven upholds the righteous cause,)
Till (from his throne the tyrant hurled)
Returning Peace shall bless the world.



Notes.

*The following description of Castlane Craigs, is taken from the report of
MR. WILLIAM LOCKHART, published in Sir JOHN SINCLAIR'S Statistical
Account of Scotland.*

“ The next piece of natural curiosity is Castlane Craigs, upon the river Mouse, which enters Clyde about a mile below the town of Lanark. This is a curious and romantic den, about a quarter of a mile in length, bounded on either side by a reef of lofty, precipitous, and rugged rocks; which are fringed with coppice wood, and thriving plantations on the south; the rocky bank on the north side is about 400 feet in height, and it is not much lower on the south. Both banks are finely varied with the different appearances of rock, wood, and precipice. At the bottom runs the river Monse, which scarcely leaves room for the lonely traveller to traverse the den; however, here the celebrated botanist Mr. LIGHTFOOT, clambered in search of plants, and discovered some rare and uncommon ones, as may be seen in his *Flora Scotica*. At every reach of the Mouse, of which there are many, the scenery varies, and wherever you find a prominent rock on one side, you are sure to meet with a regular recess

on the other. Caverns in the rock are here and there observable, but none of them worthy of any particular description; one still called "WALLACE'S Cave," tradition tells us was the hiding place of that patriot. Another equally trifling, but which bears evident marks of the chissel, is said to have been the abode of a hermit in former times, but must have been a miserable habitation, hardly affording room to lie down in; considerable veins of the *spatum ponderosum* run through these rocks; but no other mineral has hitherto been traced in this dreary den of foxes, badgers, and wild birds. It is somewhat singular, that the Mouse, instead of following its direct course by Baronald House, where the ground is lower, and unobstructed by rocks, should have penetrated the high hill of Castlane, and formed a bed of solid rock. It seems presumable, that this vast chasm has been originally formed by some earthquake, which, rending the rocks, allowed the water to pass that way."

Castlane concealed a nation's aid.

This secluded glen is generally considered to have been the hiding place of WALLACE, at the commencement of his exertions to recover the independence of his country. From hence he sallied out, surprised and cut to pieces the scattered detachments of the English, continually retreating thither when pursued by superior numbers, and thus at length found himself at the head of a band of hardy and intrepid followers, flushed with success, and eager to second him in the more decisive measures which have placed him among the foremost warriors of Scotland.

The gallant knight of Ellerslie.

Ellerslie, the patrimonial inheritance of WALLACE, is situated a short distance from Paisley. The inhabitants of Lanark still point out the house in which they affirm the hero was born, and which stands nearly in the middle of that town.

Oft on Baronald's echoes borne.

The House of Baronald, the seat of Mr. LOCKHART, is romantically situated on the banks of the Mouse, in a fine hollow surrounded with wood, having the Castlane Craigs as a screen from the northern blast.—A little above the house, towards the south, is an echo remarkable for its clearness and distinctness.

They fought and perished at Dunbar.

The battle of Dunbar, fought April 27, *A. D.* 1296, between the Scots, under the Earls BUCHAN, LENOX, and MAR, and the English, commanded by Earl WARRENE; in which the former were defeated, according to some historians, with the loss of 20,000 men. The whole kingdom yielded to the victor, and BALIOL himself was carried to London, where he was imprisoned two years in the tower, but afterwards being set at liberty, died in France, without making any other effort for the crown which he had so meanly purchased and so ill defended.

Of Ormesby and of Cressingham.

After the subjugation of Scotland, Earl WARRENE was appointed EDWARD's Lieutenant for that country; but being obliged to retire into England on account of his health, he intrusted the government of the country to these two men. ORMESBY, who was a priest, was appointed Justiciary, and CRESSINGHAME, who was a lawyer, bore the office of Treasurer. The rigour of the former, and the insatiable avarice of the latter, exasperated the Scots to the highest degree, not only against these men, but against the English Government, of which they were the unworthy representatives. CRESSINGHAME was afterwards slain at the battle of Cambus-kenneth, and his body being found by the Scots, and recognised amidst the carnage, was flayed, and saddle-girths made of his skin.

Where high Dumbarton's rocky side.

It will easily be imagined, that in this slight sketch I do not intend to include all the actions of the illustrious vindicator of his country's liberty, or indeed any considerable part of them. I have merely glanced at a very few of the most striking, which shine, (if I may be allowed the expression,) where all are so brilliant.

“ — Velut inter ignes
Luna minores.”

If it be objected to this assertion, that the surprise of Dumbarton Castle, which is usually understood to have been one of the earliest exploits of WALLACE, was by no means one of the most splendid, it may be answered, that much of the importance of any event depends upon the consequences to which it gives rise; and that the capture of this fortress, which first gave his followers strength as well as courage, and swelled his little band to an army of patriots, cannot be considered insignificant or unimportant. But it is idle to pursue this reasoning further, and indeed serious criticism wasted upon this trifle,

“ Resembles ocean into tempest tost,
To sink a feather, or to drown a fly.”

The castle of Dumbarton is built on a rock of land formed by the junction of the Leven with the Clyde, and crowning a rock, whose sides, except in one place, are entirely composed of inaccessible precipices; it must have always been one of the strongest fortresses in the island, and from its situation, commanding the Clyde, and the passes into part of the western Highlands, one of the most important.

Triumphant o'er old Glotta's wave.

“ Glotta Ostuarium,” was the Roman name of the Frith of Clyde.

Near Cambus-kenneth's sacred fane.

The abbey of Cambus-kenneth is situated in the parish of Logie, and

county of Stirling; the river Forth runs between it and the town and castle of Stirling, of which it commands a very striking view. It was built and endowed by DAVID I. king of Scotland, A. D. 1147. At present, nothing of it remains, but a huge square tower, and an arched door-way. JAMES III. and his queen were interred here. Though I have made the English troops ford the river, history affirms, that when a number of them had crossed the wooden bridge that lay over the Forth, WALLACE ordered it to be torn away, having previously sawed nearly through its supporters; the consequence was, that the van of the English army, unsustained by the main body, was vanquished and destroyed, after a desperate resistance. The battle of Cambus-kenneth was fought A. D. 1298.

*The leopard flies with foot of wind,
The avenging lion toils behind.*

The leopard and the lion were the respective cognizances of England and Scotland.

By Wallace led, a bloody raid.

Soon after WALLACE was elected Regent, observing that war and unfavourable seasons had produced a dreadful famine in Scotland, he determined to march his army into England, and accordingly breaking into the northern counties, in the midst of winter, he committed such dreadful ravages as nothing but the former cruelties of the English could excuse; and having extended his incursions to the very gates of Durham, returned into his own country, loaded with spoil, and unmolested by the English: but, during his absence on this glorious expedition, a cabal was formed by the mean jealousy, and untameable pride of the Scotch nobility, who preferred slavery to a foreign monarch, before submission to a chief of less illustrious birth than themselves. The consequence

was, that WALLACE resigned the high situation that had occasioned this jealousy, and Scotland was again subdued at the fatal battle of Falkirk.

Echo rough Carron's billows hoarse.

The battle of Falkirk was fought on the banks of the Carron, July 22, A. D. 1298. The Scots were commanded by the LORD STEWARD, of Scotland, and CUMMIN, of Baddennoch. WALLACE acted independently of them, both with a body of his own retainers, who acknowledged his authority alone, and by his skill and valour, contributed materially to preserve the scattered remains of the Scotch in their retreat.

When Scotland fled, and Graham died.

Sir JOHN GRAHAM, or GRÆME, the friend and fellow warrior of WALLACE, was killed in this battle. In the Church-yard of Falkirk, is a tomb to his memory, lately repaired, with this inscription :

" Here lies Sir John the Græme, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chief reskewit Scotland thrise;
Ane better knight not to the warld was lent,
Nor was gude Græme of truth and hardiment."

" Mente manueque potens, et valla fides Achates
Conditur hic Gramus, bello interfectus ab Angles."

Menteith's dark towers are rising nigh.

Sir JOHN MENTEITH, whom the voice of uniform tradition has stigmatized as the betrayer of WALLACE into the hands of EDWARD.

In tears of blood, at Bannockburn.

The battle of Bannockburn was fought June 25, A. D. 1314. The English were commanded by EDWARD II. in person, the Scots by their heroic monarch ROBERT BRUCE. The issue of the battle was most decisive; the English were entirely routed, with immense slaughter; among the slain was the Earl of Gloucester, nephew to EDWARD.

When Berkley's conscious roofs shall ring.

EDWARD II. was murdered in Berkley Castle, September 21, A. D. 1327.

Yon bloody chief, whose lawless sway.

The following remarks are taken from the end of a very animated and just survey of Spanish affairs, in the first number of the "Quarterly Review," and will serve to elucidate the remaining lines of the Poem.

"There is, we think, a considerable analogy between the present history of Spain, and that of Scotland about the close of the 13th century. EDWARD I. was, like NAPOLEON, the boldest, the most polite, and the wealthiest monarch of his time. Like him, he condescended to interfere as an ally and a mediator between two candidates for a disputed crown. Like him, he seized the object of the dispute. Like him, he was hailed as a saviour by a corrupt and venal party. Like him, he garrisoned with his troops all the fortresses of the country to which he granted his protection; like him he formed a new constitution for his pretended subjects; and when resisted, punished, by all the horrors of war, their delinquency and rebellion. He more than once conquered, or, at least, overran the whole country; yet we trust the parallel will continue to the end, and that the national vengeance has in store some future Bannockburn." This was written at the commencement of 1809. The "animus invictus" of Spanish patriotism yet remains, (1811,) in more than its primitive strength.

To that dread field where Roland died.

Alluding to the defeat of the rear guard of CHARLEMAGNE, in the passes of the Pyrenees, upon his return from his Spanish expedition, to restore an Arabian Emir of Saragossa, who had implored his assistance. In this action the famous RUTLAND, ROLANDO, or ORLANDO, was slain.

'Tis not the tower's embattled side.

“Ου λιθοί, υδε ξυλα, υδε

Τειχη τεκτονων αι πολεις εισιν,

Αλλ' οπε ποτ' αν πσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ

Αυτες σωζειν ειδοτες,

Ενταυθα τειχη και πολεις.”

FINIS.

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